



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 6

October 2011

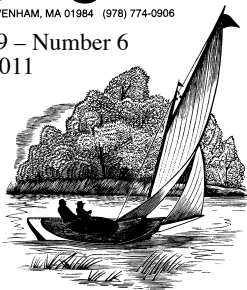
Special Features This Issue
A Busy Summer – My First Boat
Swallowing the Anchor
Dramatic Rescues on Barnegat Bay
Building a Sailing Scow from Scratch
Designing & Building a Traveling Canoe



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Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries
or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I'm writing this month's Commentary a bit early on August 28 in the final rush to press as Hurricane Irene (or maybe just her pale shadow) is bearing down on us here in eastern Massachusetts and I figured I'd better get all the computer stuff done before the power goes off. With almost everything left to do printed out, I can cut and paste page layouts adequate for the final organization of the 60-page issue ready for putting it into its final electronic format recognizable by the computers at the printer while awaiting return of the lifeblood of our electronic culture.

As this monster (in area but not in wind velocity) hurricane sweeps up the East Coast it is preceded by the shrill media blitz bringing dire warnings of the destruction it will wreak upon us. Characterized as "the most memorable storm of a lifetime" by a fairly sober weather guru and as "the chance of a lifetime to see such big waves breaking on the beach" by a TV bimbo (born yesterday, or maybe the day before) clutching a mike in the wind and rain as fairly small breakers hit the New Jersey beach behind her.

I can't stand more than a few minutes of the inane jabber this sort of perceived emergency seems to generate from the talking heads on the screen. Certainly the storm (like all others that have gone before and are yet to come) deserves media attention to keep us informed of what is happening and predicted impacts where and when. Sober announcements/discussions do not seem to cut it, however, instead simulated breathless exhortations from persons just out of weatherman school who have yet to experience a real storm are repeatedly thrust at us. These innocents are actually advising us of how to behave in this most serious emergency. Like we should go to an interior room (in our house that would hafta be a big closet here) to wait out the storm! Amazing. And, of course, buy all those batteries and cases of bottled water.

Pictures of the actual impacts being experienced as the storm approaches and detailed radar weather maps would be more informative if these weather "personalities" (we are even told their names, like why should I care to know?) would not stand in front of them. Why do I want to look at these people out there in the wind and rain blocking my view of what they are so excited about? My apologies for singling out the weather people, the regular news people are guilty of the same egregious behavior. It's just that as I write this the weather is the news.

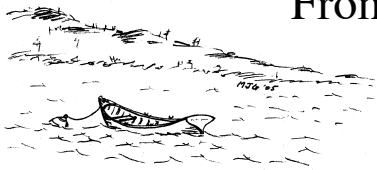
Which leads me to the "authorities" to whom the TV heads regularly refer. Judging from their warnings, or even direct orders, I have to assume that a large part of our population does not have sense enough to prepare in whatever way best fits their own circumstances (like get the boat out of the water or the storm shutters closed, etc) to deal with what might be coming. Certainly evacuate if you know it is necessary where you are in a proven vulnerable location. But have the authorities mandate that the entire Cape May County, New Jersey, evacuate under an official evacuation order? One was really issued, I kid you not. Where will several hundred thousand people go to, all at once over inadequate roads?

Well, what has all this rant got to do with our messing about in boats? Probably not much other than that the extra requirements imposed upon those of us by the potential vulnerability of boats we may have still afloat as the hurricane approaches requires some informed news to help in choosing appropriate action. It would be nice to count on sober detailed accurate information from our mass media upon which to base sensible action rather than be confronted with fear-mongering from yoyos.

On the Cover...

Ribs, anyone? Reader Peter Jepson, in his travels, spotted some boat building on a beach in Zanzibar. He was particularly struck with the natural grown ribs being fitted in the hull and wanted to share them with you. More from Peter on the subject in this issue.





From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Plugged in my radio last night to catch the Yankees game and hadn't any power. The light on the inverter wouldn't light. Checked the line with my meter and found barely 11 volts. Battery is huge and only one year old and motor charges it. What's wrong?

Went aft and pushed the starter on the motor. Nothing happened. Very strange. Lights in the cabin are working, that's a blessing, though I have a lantern powered with D cells as a backup, as well as a rechargeable, million candlepower spotlight. Maybe the power of this year's Yankees suffices to drain my battery. Tomorrow I'll start my motor with the pull cord.

Warmed-over rice and beans for breakfast. I need to eat them before they go bad. My ice melted but they sat in frigid water all night and are perfectly all right. I not only haven't any ice but I've nothing to keep fresh anyway. I'll be home day after tomorrow. In a hopeful moment I push the starter button. The motor starts immediately and begins to charge my battery.

Finally off. Stop at the fuel pier at Point Judith Marina and fill my gas can and water tank. Take my trash ashore and search for a propane tank without success. The ship's store isn't open even at 10 o'clock on a Saturday.

I check out the Elco flat top one more time. Now I notice the name *Queen o' Scots* across the front windows in Gothic script. This is the boat that belonged to our neighbor, Roy Scot, half a century ago. He did business with my father for many years.

When he retired, in '64, he and his lovely wife, Dorothy, wanted to take this boat to New Orleans via the Great Lakes. They wanted me to come with them as a deck hand. I was 17. It would have been just the three of us. The trip would have taken six months. Roy Scot was willing to fly me home from New Orleans. My father forbade me to take time off from school.

What could I not have learned on a 50' boat! I'm sure my life would never have been the same. But my father had my life planned out for me. I would go to Dartmouth, as he had, get my degree in engineering, as he had, and join him in business designing and building machinery. I had little interest in designing and building machinery. I've always been a dreamer, a scribbler, a river dancer, a waterman. What would I care for machinery?

As it was, I spent 20 years running my own machine shop. I should have run away, but I had a wife and two children to support. I stand looking up at the Elco, my past running through my head. I want to cry. What a beautiful boat.

Off I head to Block Island on little *MoonWind*. Outside the Harbor of Refuge, seas are running five feet. There is almost no breeze. Close at hand, a 25' fishing boat disappears in each trough. I sail halfway to Block, then start my motor. By mid-afternoon, I power into Great Salt Pond and anchor in ten feet of water at the east side of the harbor.

I row ashore at sunset and walk the mile to the village. I order mako shark at a little restaurant. It is overcooked. I wash its dryness out of my throat with red ale. People come and go along the pavement. They strut, they slouch, they exult, they despond. They amuse me only slightly more than does the mako shark. I watch the ferry berth in the harbor before me. It discharges more people to promenade along the waterfront. I should come ashore during the day and walk. Walk away from the harbor, away from the village.


Some of Block Island is old farms. Parts of it are conserved. The twisting roads are scenic. Why do I come to the tourist part of town? The answer, to have someone cook me a meal. The trouble is, I can cook better than they can. Someday I'll learn.

I walk back to New Harbor in the twilight, light my battery lantern and set it in the bow of my Whitehall. I pull home through the dusk. It is dark when I climb aboard. Did I sail out here merely to have a meal of overcooked fish?

Tomorrow I can walk about the island. I can visit both lighthouses, talk with local people. I can row about the harbor, shop for coffee and chocolate. I can buy some fish and cook a proper meal. Maybe splurge and buy a bottle of wine. But I've done all this before.

My lethargy returns. Even the thought of going ashore depresses me. My isolation depresses me even more. I haven't any need to go ashore, I've just enough coffee for breakfast.

The next day, following breakfast, I head home.









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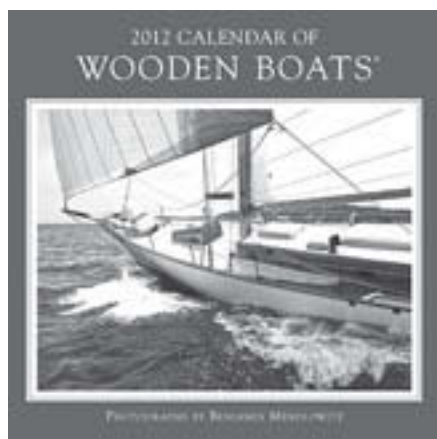
Adventures & Experiences...

Lots of Sailing Every Day

I spent eight days this past summer on board *Sea Fever* with my wife and kids doing our usual boat vacation in Wellfleet and Provincetown on Cape Cod, sailing about an hour a day, playing on the beach, strolling through town or just living on the boat the rest of the time. Then I dropped them off in Wellfleet (where my wife had driven separately), and I took off on a six-day circumnav of the Cape. Lots of sailing every day. Barnstable to the Canal to Naushon to Cape Poge Bay to Chatham then outside around the Cape to Provincetown. A few wild days, a few mild days, but always beautiful and loads of fun. Now I'm back home and frankly a bit disappointed to be on land.

Garth Battista, Breakaway Books, Halcottsville, NY

Information of Interest...



2012 Calendar Of Wooden Boats®

The 2012 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats® with photographs by Benjamin Mendlowitz marks its 30th year. The new calendar offers 12 never before published photographs of stunning wooden boats in a variety of coastal settings. Dramatic lighting, rich color and attention to detail are ingredients that set the mood.

The subjects vary in type and size from the 65' Maine cruise schooner *Lewis R. French* to a 16' Coquina cat ketch. Sail selections include the New York 40 sloop *Marilee*, a Concordia yawl under moonlight, a Watch Hill 15 in action and, for the month of February, a 59' ketch cruising the turquoise waters of the Bahamas. Fans of the calendar will enjoy a Gannon & Benjamin boatshop construction shot and one of colorful Venetian gondolas. Representing the Pacific Northwest are images of the beautifully restored 1927 motoryacht *Arequipa* and the venerable 1910

tugboat *Sandman*. The 2012 cover features a bow detail of the Herreshoff ketch *Tioga* photographed off the coast of St Tropez.

The photo captions, full of information and executed with an entertaining style, are by marine historian Maynard Bray, who has been providing the text since the calendar's inception.

The Calendar of Wooden Boats®, which has been published annually since 1983, is designed in a 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, chandleries or directly from NOAH Publications for \$15.95 plus \$5.50 for S&H. For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, visit our website at www.noahpublications.com.

Unfulfilled Dream Boat on Offer

My dear brother Bill Jacobus, a boat builder and long time subscriber to your magazine, recently passed away. Bill loved your magazine and hung on every word. He loved the travelog type stories and dreamed of sailing exotic waters. You fed his dreams.

Our whole family took Bill pontoon boating recently at Emerald Isle (Green River in Kentucky) just before he passed away. We opened her up so he could feel the wind blow through his hair. He had a big smile on his face as his grandchildren and their cousins jumped off the roof, holding hands, giggling and wriggling their little bodies. He had won them over, now they loved the water and boats, too! His nephew John brought to Emerald Isle the wooden kit boat he had made, all due to Uncle Bill's infectious enthusiasm for his hobby.

In his garage he left two hulls for a 22' trailer catamaran called *Janus* he was in the process of building. Despite his illness and against all odds, he worked on his wooden boat every day. One hull is complete with decking/hatches, polyurethane color coats, waterline, etc, and the other hull is only partially complete with color coats, waterline, but no decking or hatches. The West Epoxy System and fiberglass was used throughout construction and all paint colors are polyurethane.

Bill had a 21' long Stratos Trailer modified with I-beams to carry the completed catamaran. More work on this is needed as well. We have a set of blueprint plans titled 6.6m Trailer Catamaran *Janus*, designed by Woods Designs, Foss Quay, Millbrook-Torpoint, Cornwall, UK. He left a three-ring notebook full of new design ideas and possible cat modifications.

In June 2011 Bill stated that he had \$10,000+ invested in the materials and contracted labor (hired a wood worker/painter friend given his illness). Bill's woodworking, boat building and engineering design time was strictly a "labor of love." He had previous experience in (2001-2004) successfully building a 31' flat bottom cruiser/house boat, (Design #650, by Phil Bolger and Friends, Designers, Gloucester, Massachusetts) transported by trailer and used it cruising the Ohio River and Florida waterways (see www.journeyboat.com).

Bill's family is interested in finding a good home for the cat, someone who loves boats, or a devoted boat builder, some one who can give *Janus* the TLC she will need. Maybe someone can share his dream heeled over with one hull out of the water. See our ad in the Classified Marketplace.

John Jacobus, Silver Springs, MD

Editor Comments: Bill Jacobus was a subscriber for 11 years.



MOGfest 2011

The Northwest MOGfest is something that might be of interest, it happens each August here in Sheridan, Oregon. This year, in addition to all the OmniMOGs and other off-road vehicles it featured the Walking Beast (pictured) and, in the river, my Pak-Yaks.

Jim Heter, Sheridan OR, <https://sites.google.com/site/jimheter/pakyak-page>

There Really is a Recession

Some more stats turned up in *Boating Industry* magazine's *Market Data Book*:

Fourteen-year review of new sailboat sales: Peak sales were in 2000 when 22,500 were sold. Poorest sales were in 2010 when 4,300 were sold.

Sixteen-year review of new jet boat sales: Peak sales were in 1995 when 14,700 were sold. Poorest sales were in 2010 when 3,500 were sold.

Fourteen-year review of new powerboat sales: Peak sales were in 2001 when 880,390 were sold. Poorest sales were in 2010 when 517,746 were sold.

Unit sales, which are obviously affected by the relative costs of different types of boats, showed kayaks way out ahead with 250,000+/- sold in 2009, dropping to 225,000+/- in 2010. Personal watercraft sold about 45,000+/- units.

The graph of all new boat sales began in 2000 at 4,300,000+/-, rose to 7,000,000 in 2007 and then collapsed in 2010 to just over 3,000,000.

I guess there really is a recession and the boating business is feeling it!

Jim Thayer, Colbran, CO



An Explosion of Canoes

The Albright Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York, wanted to make some changes to its Elmwood Ave campus front lawn, as it had remained the same for 20 plus years. They needed something new and different to get the attention of passers by. The solution? Bring in artist Nancy Robins of Los Angeles, California, to mess about in, or with, boats. She engineered and assembled this piece, with help of her crew suspended in safety harnesses, and directed the formation from below with a walkie talkie. It is defiantly an attention getter. Cars slow down to a crawl to get a better look and often stop and take a picture or two. She created an interesting, amusing, or funny perhaps, explosion of boats. Maybe it's a blossom of boats. An aluminum flower of sorts.

Whatever your perspective on art is, this work of art does the job of getting attention, and does it well. I think it looks great! Happy sails!

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information Wanted...

Philly Area Builder's Whereabouts?

A local friend is seeking information on a Philly area builder named John Wright Jr. He inquires: "I'm working on a wooden Penguin that carries his builder's plaque and was wondering if he's still around?"

I know for sure the shop in Conshohocken is gone. I was past there about two months ago. The last time I was in the shop must have been 15 years at least.

Ned Asplundh, nasplundh@yahoo.com

Roger Allen Replies...

John Wright and father were both builders of Lightnings, Penguins and maybe Comets. They were still in business when I left the Philly area in the 1990s but that was awhile ago, eh? They built really good boats with no skimping that I ever heard anything of.

Roger Allen, Buffalo Maritime Center, Buffalo, NY

Opinions...

Kindle Has Its Uses

Seeing in the July issue Breakaway Books ad that *Flotsam and Jetsam* by Robb White is now available for Kindle, I feel compelled to inform you and your readers of the following facts:

1. The stories in this book are the best darned stories I ever read. They were the best darned stories I ever read when I first read some of them in *Messing About in Boats*, and since my memory is so poor, they are the best darned stories I ever read whenever I pick up

the book and read them again. However, I don't pick it up and read it all the time when I'm at home, because of fact #2.

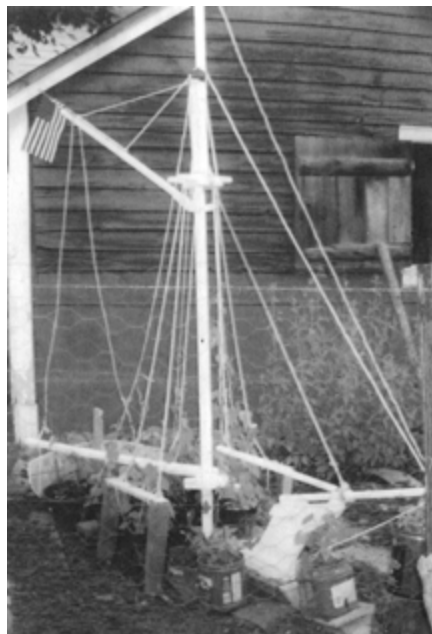
2. One of the most boring situations in life is sitting in the back of a plane between two large strangers, unable to get comfortable or fall asleep, with hours and hours to go before getting where I'm going. It's in that situation that I need to have the best darned stories that were ever written, and I have to think that I'm reading them for the first time. However, my copy of *Flotsam and Jetsam*, inside which as now meaningless bookmarks are boarding passes for Dhaka, San Juan and Dar es Salaam, is getting all bent up and worn out because of fact #3.

3. Books and planes don't go well together. Books are fine at home, and they were fine in the days when the steward would bring the trunks marked "Wanted on the Voyage" down to the cabin. But taking all the books I need when I have to carry my bag for hours, then stuff it in a small compartment, just doesn't make sense. Please understand, I don't go for modern technology just because it's been invented, I go for it when it proves its value to me. Jet planes have certainly proved their value, and now Kindle has as well, because of fact #4.

4. Just before I left on a recent trip to East Africa a kind friend gave me a Kindle. I thanked him and refrained from asking what on earth he thought I was going to do with it, or what advantage it could possibly have over real books. But I can tell you now that it weighs about 200 gm, compared to *Flotsam and Jetsam* at 800gm, and its volume is about one-sixth that of the paperback (I could give you more accurate values if I immersed both in water, but I hope the estimate will suffice). And so long as I hadn't left my reading glasses in the seatback pocket on the previous flight, I found that the Kindle was perfectly pleasant to read from.

Peter R. Jepson, Newbury, MA

Projects...



Morning Glory Sloop Progress

I have been making slow progress on my *Morning Glory* sloop. I had to make a new stern and sheer strake planks since this photo

was taken. Lifts and lazy jacks are yet to be rigged. Looks like a good year for blossoms!

Neal Small, Brooklyn, NY

At Least Four Projects

I'm afraid I have played around with bikes too much this year so the Bolger 19' dory, though 90% complete, is only halfway done. But as any messer will tell you, if you don't have at least four projects going you just ain't messin'.

Jon DeGroot, Davison, MI

This Magazine...

More of a Relationship

I hope you continue to remind readers that if we want to continue to enjoy your magazine, one way is by our efforts of spreading the enjoyment. Enclosed is a one year gift subscription to a good friend and after that it is up to him. Hopefully it insures that I receive your publication for another year.

I consider your magazine more as a relationship. There are articles I don't understand, pictures I puzzle over and some features I don't have an interest in. I still love the magazine and look over every page. I was saddened with the passing of Robb White and Phil Bolger, yet never met them or heard of their efforts before picking up your magazine. Perhaps there is a little smugness in being part of a small club. It's not highbrow and glossy. One does not buy your way in with a lot of money but more by an emotional connection. Whatever it is, keep up the good work!!! Thanks

Weld Morse, S. Dartmouth, MA

Out on the Water Mentally

It is always a pleasure to find *Messing About in Boats* in my mailbox. It gets me out on the water mentally more often than I can get out there physically. It provides the break from everyday matters that is so often needed. You, your family and staff, and all the many diverse and interesting writers are doing a great job. That is no small thing in this turbulent world.

I wish all of you all the very best. Thank you for your continued efforts in making such a fine and interesting magazine.

Don Bergst, Folsom, CA

Always Enjoyed Boats

I have always enjoyed *Boats*. I miss reading articles from Robb White, Phil Bolger and Dynamite Payson. Through the years I have built over 20 boats from their designs. I am 88 now so am no longer building as I used to.

Ken Kline

A World Celebration

Thank you for providing both pleasure and infrastructure that tie so many regional groups into a world celebration of small boating. You are to be commended!

Both as an individual and as a member of the board of directors of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum I thank you for all your support this past year.

Barry O'Brien, Essex, MA

While Larry Ellison and his Oracle Racing Team are heating up the expectations of sailors on San Francisco Bay, preparing for the 2013 America Cup, my local library displayed *The Proving Ground* for this summer's adventure reading. Although I had read other books detailing the Christmas 1998 Sydney to Hobart sailboat race, I wanted more. With this book I got it.

There are intriguing stories about some of the richest men in the world sailing in this race. Larry Ellison of Oracle and the media monopolist Rupert Murdoch family behave without bravado under the extreme stress of waves higher than an eight story building roaring up behind the sterns of their sailboats.

On shore there was great drama. A number of climatologists were trying to determine the path of a developing storm and then waited too long before predicting it. A cyclone! An hour after the race had started they alerted the captains. Most didn't have their radios on. By the next morning sailors were thrown overboard and lost. Sailboats capsized. Entire crews became seasick and hid out in their berths.

The middle portion of the book is captivating. Once these boats sailed beyond the harbors and bays, they met the tough winds of Bass Strait. Sailboats began sinking, sails flailed, engines failed, men jumped into life rafts. I was riveted to these stories, wondering how I would have responded, being seasick, exhausted and knowing my crew were in the same condition.

One hundred fifteen boats started the race, only 43 crossed the finish line in Hobart. Many of these high tech, low displacement speed boats were not made to withstand the kind of beating they took for over 24 hours. Finally helicopters, planes and the Coast Guard cutters were sent out in a variety of search and rescue operations. Hour after hour doing the grids, aircraft scanned the whitecaps hoping for sight of a raft, a boat, a flare; any evidence of exhausted sailors who might have survived.

The year was 1969, a years of highs and lows, from Vietnam to a triumphant small-step-for-mankind moon landing. That year Robin Knox Johnston became the first person to sail around the world without stopping. It was also the year Roger C. Taylor, former editor-in-chief of Naval Institute Press, traveled overland, north and east from Annapolis, Maryland, to Camden, Maine, to launch a new venture, a book publishing company called International Marine.

For 20 years Roger wrote and published books about boats, teasing stories and concepts from boat designers and their builders, creating authors out of men without high school diplomas but who had earned their degrees in hundreds of boat launchings.

Through books that piqued interest in the sea and the boats on it, Taylor also made sailors out of landlubbers. An inveterate observer, he often wandered down to Camden Harbor at lunchtime, anxious to set sail on his small vessel, feel the pull of the wind on the mainsail. He was a teacher, a sailor, a bookman. He mentored a loyal team of book-makers and sailors, passing along his ear for a captivating sea yarn, his keen eye for the

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Book Review

The Proving Ground

By G. Bruce Knecht
Little & Brown, 2001

Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

The author interviewed most of the survivors. Tales of betrayal, jealousy and competition to the bitter end abound. Several captains, including Larry Ellison, vowed never to run the race from Sydney to Hobart again. Ellison is one of the few to keep his word.

The book sparked my memories of spending a couple of weeks sailing the islands of Tahiti ten years ago with three other crew. We were hit by squalls in the middle of the night, causing accidental jibes which ripped our mainsail. I became seasick and was useless as a crew member. We started up the engine and motored safely to the closest island. Whatever it is that brings sailors straight into the face of danger, I don't have it.

An update: Jessica Watson, the youngest person to go around the world solo, has just signed up for the 2011 Sydney to Hobart race. She just turned 18, the minimum age to enter. She will be the skipper and her ten crew members are all under 21 years of age.

I took my granddaughter out for a sail last week. As we putt-putted out into the big

part of the lake, powered by my 3hp Johnson, she exclaimed, "We sure are going slow!" She and her father have a fondness for jet skis. Me? After several years of sailing Sunfishes and Lasers, I'm now the new owner of a 15' 1985 Montgomery with tanbark sails, a dark blue hull and a 15-year-old pull start outboard.

Summer storms sweep in rapidly onto my lake in the mountains of southwest Virginia. They rise up from Big Walker Mountain near the West Virginia border, and if I am going downwind I never see them (unless I turn around and look behind me) until that first thunderclap. Then the low growling rumble and the thunderheads soon surrounding me with sweeping gusty winds descended rapidly from the treetops. I come about, tack to the cove where I keep my boat and if am losing ground, well, I start up my 3hp Johnson and head for the dock.

When I was eight years old my dad passed on to me an old wooden heavy Dunphy boat with a 3hp Johnson that I had to turn around to go backwards. Going full circle, it seems to me as I turn this Johnson around to back away from the dock.

On Sunday, I heard that familiar thunderclap and started tacking toward the cove. Downwind from me was a Hobie Cat with a jib up and both crew leaning way out trying to control her until that big gust of wind came out of nowhere. They capsized and pitched poled! A boat at the dock of the state park marina motored out. The crew climbed on board and eventually righted the mast, then they were towed across the lake to homeport.

Speed? I am thrilled to be going 5mph tacking against a stiff breeze. Returning to the dock without benefit of the engine I'll tell my wife how thrilling and satisfying it is to singlehand that boat, carving through the waves, those tanbark sails full and me with a smile on my face.

During the running of the Christmas 2011 Sydney to Hobart race, my wife and I will be kayaking and sailing along the Florida Keys hoping for warm water and fair winds.

40 Years Publishing "Good Books About Boats"

From International Marine Publishing

lines of a vessel, the importance of grace, clarity and simplicity in words, type, books, sail boats and even rowing dinghies.

While Roger C. Taylor's name is not yet in the Sailing Hall of Fame, the name rises in conversations with other heroes of the sailing and boating world, the authors and boat designers and builders his publishing company did much to promote; L. Francis Herreshoff, K. Adlard Coles, Uffa Fox, John G. Alden, Bob Steward, Gary Jobson, Chris White, John Gardner, Dynamite Payson.

Taylor had a passion for boats and their people, and his vision grew into International Marine Publishing Company, whose backlist of over 400 marine and nautical titles can be found on nearly every continent, from Block Island to

the Bitter End Yacht Club, San Diego, to Seattle, Singapore to San Francisco, Chicago to Camden. When it was founded and as it exists now, International Marine's mission has been to publish "Good Books About Boats."

International Marine joined the McGraw-Hill Professional book group in 1989. The world's deepest backlist of nautical knowledge has been translated into Japanese, German, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Croatian and Russian, to name just a few. This year's books will include the fifth edition of Bob Steward's *Boatbuilding Manual*, whose first edition appeared in 1971. Look for updates to such classics as Beebe's *Voyaging Under Power* and the world-renowned Nigel Calder's *How to Read a Nautical Chart*, among several new projects.

Forty years later, as we release our newest list of titles, we salute you, Roger C. Taylor, and the hundreds of boat builders, designers and sailors who have contributed to the thousands of good books about boats now found around the world.

Access our 2011-2012 catalog at: http://www.mhprofessional.com/emags/catalog_2011_nautical/nautical-2011.pdf

Our Boat School began summer courses in early June with 45 fulltime students in the Interior Yacht Construction and Repair and Restoration Courses. The Interiors class learns how to fit interior cabinetry into boat interiors, build cabinets and doors and fit all the details of interior joinerwork into boats. Students in the Interiors class are working on the interior of the 1890 tugboat *Elmore*, building her a new forepeak interior including a bunk, hanging locker, head, pantry and paneling the area around an installed water tank. Instructor Jack Becker is leading that student effort in the Interiors class.



Elmore alongside her pier near the Boat School.

Students are also working on the interior of the 26' H.C. Hanson-designed Forest Service Boat built by instructor Tim Lee's Traditional Large Craft students during the 2010 and 2011 classes, and are fitting out the Paul Gartside designed 18' *Jacquemont* sloop built by Instructor Jeff Hammond's Large Craft students during the 2011 class year this spring. Jeff keeps an experienced eye on the progress in these areas.



The Paul Gartside-designed *Jacquemont* sloop being launched.

The Repair and Restoration class students, led by Instructor Ben Kahn, learned to tackle a very wide range of typical repairs encountered in this fascinating field. They are quite busy working on a wide variety of boats large and small. By this time of the academic year, the pace has picked up considerably, and students are learning to work at the pace that will be demanded of them in a commercial shop.

On the large craft repair side, one of the *Truant* Class sloops built by the School in the middle-1990s is back in the shop for a complete restoration of the vessel's sternpost, deadwood and keel, a two-year repair project that is expected to be completed by the 2012 Repair class.



A Busy Summer at the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding

Port Hadlock, Washington

By Pete Leenhouts



The repairs to this *Truant* Class sloop are extensive and great training for budding shipwrights. Student Reid Wilburn is examining the forefoot.

The late 1940s UK-built sailing vessel *Felicity Ann*, in which the first woman crossed the Atlantic alone in the early 1950s, is in the shop for replanking and general repairs while we search for funding to continue the work on this remarkable boat.

The small California-built sloop *Aerion*, that has been worked on by four successive Repair classes with the patient support of her owner, is nearly complete and ready to launch at the end of the class. That work has included a complete stem replacement, deadwood repair, replanking and interior work as well as work in the cockpit over the years.

Launching the Leigh Coolidge sloop designed in 1922 by the famous Seattle naval architect and launched in 2011!



The Repair and Restoration class students are also finishing the interior and varnish work on the beautiful Herreshoff Buzzards Bay 14 built by instructor Ben Kahn and Ray Speck's 2010 and 2011 Small Craft classes as well as wrapping up work on the 18' 1922 Leigh Coolidge-designed sloop built by instructor Tim Lee's Small Craft class several years ago. The Coolidge is a beautifully trim sloop and was launched in late August.

Finally, the ex-Navy lifeboat owned by former *Adventress* master, sailmaker and rigger Wayne Chimenti, who also runs the School's accredited High School programs in the Boat School's Community Boatshop during the school year, is in for repair. The extensive work includes frame repair, minor replanking and a complete overhaul and replacement of her deck and deckhouse, a very large and demanding job and one that will be completed by the next year's class.

On the small craft repair side, the Repair and Restoration students have tackled five projects. A 9' Grandy dating from the 1930s, badly damaged years ago during a storm and subsequently donated to the School, has undergone a complete transom and keel replacement, a complete reframing and several new planks. One of the two Penn Yan prams, built between 1948 and 1961, has been stripped down to bare wood, her broken frames and 1/8" thick planks are being repaired. Upon completion, this attractive and surprisingly light pram will be recanvased.



Preparing to reframe the 9' Grandy Skiff.



"Wooding" the mystery dinghy. Instructor Sean Kooman, third from right, leads the work.

Also under repair by students in the Repair and Restoration class is an 8' beautifully built dinghy of uncertain origins. In fact, we've not been able to develop any substantive information about the "mystery boat," as we've taken to calling it. That hasn't precluded the students, led by Instruc-

tor Sean Kooman, from reframing the boat, replacing its sheer planks, making new knees and mast partners, removing the old transom and making a new one and wooding (removing all paint and varnish) the entire boat. The class also worked on a small Herreshoff pram and finished the 1930s era catboat *Mehitabel* and launched her earlier in July.



A test run in *Mehitabel*, the 1930s-era Crosby catboat.

The Boat School hosted boat builder Rich Kolin's very successful summer short course in Building the Heidi Skiff at the beginning of August, which was attended by eight students from as far away as Virginia. That beautiful little skiff was to be painted by the upcoming evening Finishing Class.

The School also hosted a Finishing Class taught by expert finisher Diane Salguero. The class was attended by 12 students from all over the local area. They worked on the Heidi Skiff built by Rich Kolin's summer class, a second Penn Yan dinghy, a School-built William Atkin *Teach* Class sloop and the contemporary Joel White-designed Bangor Packet rowing shell built by Instructor Bruce Blatchely's 2011 Contemporary class, a very striking boat indeed.

This year is the Boat School's 30th anniversary and we enjoyed a very well attended Anniversary Celebration on Saturday, August 6, co-hosted by the Puget Sound Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association. The School's five shops were open to the public, as were the welding shop and blacksmith

shop and small craft, both traditional and modern, graced our shores during the day.

The Celebration was graced by the large Boat School-built cutter *Bryony* (1983), the Atkin-designed *Gary Thomas Class Barakah* (1995) and, swinging to a buoy, the School's first ever sailboat, *Virginia* (1982). The celebrations were enhanced by a great deal of afternoon sunshine for the first time in two years.



The Boat School celebrated its 30th anniversary August 6.

We capped off a very successful day by launching the 2011 Traditional Small Craft class built Pete Culler designed yawl boat, and the 2009 class built and owner finished Dudley Dix designed DD-Mini keel boat. The icing on the cake was presenting the first Boat School burgees to the proud owners!



Launching the Dudley Dix designed DD Mini, finished out by proud owner David Blessing. We were looking forward to seeing how she sailed, but she is so fast we didn't get a single picture of her rocketing around the lower end of Port Townsend Bay!

The School is looking forward to participating in the 35th annual Wooden Boat Festival in Port Townsend Washington, September 9-11. Not only will the School's very first sailboat, the gaff rigged *Virginia*, built in 1981, be on display, we anticipate Festival visitors will see at least seven other large School built boats on the piers and a host of smaller vessels as well, including at least six small craft displayed by the School.



Preparing the School's first sailboat, the 1982-built sloop *Virginia*, for the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. The bowsprit for the 1930's schooner *Destiny* looms over *Virginia*. Student Josh Moman has been leading the work on *Virginia* in addition to working in the Repair and Restoration class.

Up in the new Jeff Hammond Boatshop, opened in late April 2011, the Contemporary staff, led by Instructor Bruce Blatchley and supported by '07 boat school grads Amos Howe and Fred Shwiller, is finishing planking the hull of the 62' daysailer *Sliver*, designed by Bob Perry. The hull fairing has begun in preparation for sheathing the boat with 30oz tri-axial fiberglass cloth, which will be bonded with WEST System™ epoxy. The deck mold has been completed and is ready for the incoming class to laminate 18oz bi-axial cloth and foam core. The new class will fair and sheath the inside of the hull and install the bulkheads and structure. The new shop and this project are a perfect match and both are greatly appreciated by the *Sliver* students and staff.

In the next calendar year Bruce hopes to add a Sam Devlin designed cruiser to the shop as well as numerous small craft built using a variety of contemporary wood and epoxy methods.

Finally, Sean Rankins, the master sailmaker who runs NW Sails co-located with the Boat School School, is working on a variety of small craft sails while preparing for

Heidi Skiff class picture. Instructor Rich Kolin, who designed this popular little skiff, is at right.



Finishing Class picture. Instructor Diane Salguero is fourth from right.



the 2012 Sailmaking and Rigging class to be offered January 9, 2012, through March 23, 2012. Sean and his students will build sails for the tall ships *Adventuress* and *The Spirit of Dana Point* during the course.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boat-building was founded in 1981 and carries on the vision of its founder, Puget Sound area Master Shipwright Bob Prothero, to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with wooden boat building. The School strives to impart sound, practical knowledge in traditional maritime skills, using wooden boats as the training medium.

The School's waterfront heritage campus includes five boat shops in addition to the School's administrative offices and an extensive library. Northwest Sails, which is associated with the School, maintains a large sail loft over the administrative offices and teaches a comprehensive Sailmaking and Rigging class annually from January through March. The School also has a large welding shop and a blacksmithing shop and partners with the community boat building program in a dedicated on-campus shop.

Nearly 2,000 students have graduated from the School's vocational programs and thousands more have attended summer and community workshops across the years. Many Boat School graduates work across



Sliver under construction in the Jeff Hammond Boatshop.

the Pacific Northwest and the country where their craftsmanship, creativity and artistic talents enhance their communities. Boat School alumni can be found at work and on the water from the Netherlands to South Korea.

We welcome visitors to our shops year round. We are located in the little town of Port Hadlock Washington, on the east side

of Washington's beautiful Olympic Peninsula, at the foot of Port Townsend Bay, and about 40 miles or so northwest of Seattle.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boat-building, 42 N Water St, Port Hadlock WA 98339, online at www.nwboatschool.org on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/NWBoatSchool>

Uncle Fred kept an old cypress skiff in the water down on Roses Creek. She was big and heavily built, 12' long, 4' wide at the stern and 2' at the square bow. Her bottom was flat and each side is a single wide cypress board. She sat tied to a large fallen log at the edge of the creek and often was half full of rainwater. Even though heavy, she still moved smoothly and easily when paddled from the stern.

Roses Creek is a small blackwater creek, mostly winding and narrow with one long straight stretch. Its banks are mostly swampy. Big cypress draped with Spanish moss abound along with black gum and Carolina maples. There are lots of songbirds, ducks, squirrels, frogs and snakes. Sometimes deer, otter and wild turkeys can be seen.

Uncle Fred and I spent hours paddling the one-and-a-half miles to the Roanoke River and back, sometimes fly fishing, sometimes squirrel hunting. When we first got to the skiff after a mile walk from grandmother's farmhouse, if we found the boat dry inside we'd best look under the stern seat before getting in. Once Uncle Fred forgot to look, climbed aboard, sat on that stern seat, cast off and commenced to paddle. He sensed a slight movement under his seat. Not good. Very slowly he eased back to the log and gen-

Uncle Fred's Cypress Skiff

By Jim Barnes
(Tidewater, Virginia)

tly got out. Coiled under that seat was a nervous water moccasin.

Now these snakes are just plain mean. If one is riled up it would just as soon attack as not. Uncle Fred used his paddle to prod the snake from under the seat and it slipped over the side and swam away.

One lazy afternoon in July of 1950, Sweetheart and I set off for a relaxing two-hour paddle to the river and back. Delightful. Shady and warm. Birds sang, dragonflies flitted about landing on lily pads. Now and then a bream gave a loud pop as it got an unlucky floating insect. Sweetheart sat in the bow as I slowly paddled in the stern. After a half hour we entered the one long straight stretch where the creek is most beautiful. It just didn't get any better than that.

Then way ahead down the creek we saw a slight undulating wake. Neither of us could

make out what it was. It kept approaching us so I stopped paddling and waited. Then I knew. The granddaddy of all water moccasins was swimming towards us, 4' long, thick and powerful, its head the size of my fist. This moccasin owned Roses Creek.

His course would take him past us 3' from our port side. I did not have my .22 pistol or my .22 rifle and I had aboard a precious passenger. Peacefulness and calm would be my best policy. The arrogant serpent kept to his course as he watched us with cold eyes. He swam on past Sweetheart and drew abreast of me. I had never before thought that I might do something crazy but now something very weird came over me. It involved no plan nor any conscious action, some primeval survival force took over.

I used the flat blade of my paddle to smite this moccasin on the head, then grabbed it by its neck and yanked it out of the water onto the stern seat. Holding it there with my left hand I drew my sheath knife with my right hand and cut off its head. Silence. Silence. What is there to say? Sweetheart says nothing, she is a trooper. As God is my witness I truly could not help myself.

Four years later Sweetheart marries me on the happiest day of my life.



I wanted to take my twin sail rig around to some new sailing locations this summer so I kept an eye on the newsletter from the Lost Coast Chapter of TSCA looking for something interesting for sailors as well as rowers. I noticed a Messabout planned for June 25 on Lake Mendocino and called the person in charge, Steve OMara. He was helpful and encouraging, in spite of the fact that my boat is plastic and not terribly traditional, so my wife and I booked a room in Ukiah, about ten minutes from the lake.

Launch time was for 10:30am and we got there early since we didn't know the layout. The South Ramp was busy with powerboats unloading off trailers, but there were no kayaks except us and no sailboats of any description. The lake was full and beautiful, thanks to our wet and long spring in Northern California, and it seemed larger than I had pictured it on the map. Pretty soon Steve and Michelle arrived with his homebuilt 15'6" bateau *Skitter'ish*, followed by Erwin and Juliette in their homebuilt 12' V-bottom dinghy (see boat details below).

We all launched quickly, finding our way through the gasoline boats, and headed across the lake toward Boat Camp. Even though there was no wind yet, I left my sails up and pedaled the Hobie fin system while the two wooden boats rowed. This system of sailing and pedaling is very efficient, as the sails begin to help even at low speed, giving me an extra coast here and there. My wife Francie paddled her 11' Venus kayak. We could see as we approached the far shore that many of the large trees around the camp were greyed out and dying, due to the high water levels in the lake.

Also, the camp was chock full of people and boats, so we explored the shoreline heading north and soon found a little inlet leading to a cove with green grass and a large oak for picnic shade. We pulled the boats up on shore, set out some logs for seating and proceeded to wreak major damage on the contents of our cooler. The weather was near perfect with clear skies and a nice little breeze, but the landscape had the look of significant high temperatures to come as the summer progressed.

During the lunchtime conversation I learned that Erwin made knives and tiny trailer houses as well as boats, and that he had constructed his boat from start to finish in three weeks. It's humbling enough to have great handmade wooden boats to mess about alongside on Lake Mendo, but he can build a boat in only three weeks! I can only manage to put my boat away and maybe do a little doodling on paper in three weeks.

After lunch we shoved off again and moved out more to the center of the lake. The wind was looking like it might come up, puffing a little here and there. Steve took Michelle back for an appointment she had and returned with his electric motor clipped on the side. The power boaters were whoop-

The scenic Lake Mendocino shoreline.



Lake Mendocino Messabout

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net

ing it up, making high-speed runs and turns. One boat had the horsepower concentrated in the tunes blasting from the cockpit. I have to hope Mother Nature has earplugs.

The wind came up a bit more, just trying to start whitecaps here and there, and then started shifting direction repeatedly. As the breeze clocked around, Tuma the wakes became downright interesting at times. When they came in from the front, they lifted the kayak bow out like a diving board and dropped it.

In the middle of a tack I got some from the side and hung on as the hull rolled and the sails flapped around crazily. The fun wakes were the ones that snuck up from the stern, lifting the hull quickly, giving just a second of surfing and then passing under. I think the throttle-happy ski boaters decided it was fun to watch the sailboats bob, so they did a few special turns and starts a little closer to us to keep things churning.

Erwin's boat was running a spritsail system and moved very well upwind down the lake center. Steve was exploring around effortlessly with his trolling motor setup. I had clipped my extra full-length paddle on the side of my Hobie, but the wake rollers and the sailing action on a reach unclipped it and tossed it overboard.

Realizing a kayak paddle would make a hazard for water skiers, I hustled to turn and retrieve it. The wind took advantage of the situation to change direction, but I used my secret weapon, the Hobie Mirage fin drive, to pedal the last few yards directly upwind to grab and replace the paddle. The combination of the fin drive along with my sail system is perfect for getting around when things get sketchy and have gotten me out of trouble many times.

After a good session on the lake we decided to thread our way back in to the dock and pack up. The Coast Guard Safety folks were there with a table and brochures, checking boats for licensing and equipment, but luckily we were too small to need mandatory inspection. After talking to them, I will probably add an emergency signal flag to my kit on the kayak, as I would really like someone to spot me if I were to have a problem out there before the ski boaters used me for a jump ramp.

After a little mutual aid putting the hulls back up on trucks and trailers, some talk about current and future projects and handshakes all around, we parted and headed off our individual ways, very much looking forward to the next Messabout on Blue Lakes in September.



Picnic tree.

Boat Details

Steve and Michelle's Bateau: 15'6" overall with 12' bottom, 36" beam, 12" deep; has sail kit with 8' mast; made from okoume ply over Mendocino white oak using epoxy and bronze screws; design is from 18' light bateau in John Gardner's *The Dory Book* with 2' taken from midsection.

Erwin and Juliette's Dinghy: 12' overall, 4'6" beam; made from flat plywood panels put together with epoxy fiberglass tape (stitch and glue); sprit sail 39sf with fir mast and spar; design is from www.bateau.com.

My kayak: Hobie Mirage Sport, 9.5' overall with 29.5" beam; custom homemade 19sf twinsail system; design is from my overactive imagination.

Francie's kayak: 11' overall, 28" beam, Venus kayak, paddle powered.



To preface this story, I'll borrow a line from Mr James Buffet, "It's a semi true story, believe it or not. I made up a few things and there's some I forgot."

On a beautiful June 2009 Saturday here in New Jersey, I had the pleasure of sharing an afternoon of sailing with my friends Pedro and Ann aboard their Compac 19, *Beagle*, also known as the mighty *Beagle*. After a warm up beer on the back lawn facing the lagoon, we decided to head out. Pedro has become the master of efficiency and gadgetry and with a quick pull of the main halyard (and a few secret strings) out of the cover and up the mast went the main. It literally took seconds. I remarked that it takes me 30 minutes from the time I board my Compac 23 after rowing out until the time I sail off my mooring. I do admittedly have a tendency to over complicate things. Anyway, in no time flat we were motoring out for an afternoon of sailing on Barnegat Bay. Little could we guess what lay in store.

In a daring move, Pedro decided to give me the tiller while he tended sails. The winds were quite fickle, changing direction, dropping to zilch and then up to 15 knots, more direction change, back to zilch, up to 10 knots... you get the idea. But the mighty *Beagle* took in all in stride and with Pedro's quick sail trimming techniques, he overcame my unfamiliarity with his vessel. Later I'll share how we discovered an amazing fact similar to how a horse knows if an inexperienced rider is on its back.

We sailed north, or somewhere thereabouts, being at the mercy of the winds, which were predominantly from the west, but occasionally came from north to northeast. It seemed that the wind was sampling every compass point that day, trying to find its own personal preference. I never knew the wind to be that indecisive. Nonetheless, valiantly we proceeded north, veering east toward the Governors Mansion on Island Beach State Park. We toyed with stopping in to see the Governor, maybe he'd offer us coffee or a beer, but decided against it figuring he was probably busy trying to run the greatest state in the Union. Besides, I don't care to hang out with politicians... probably offer us light beer if any and then stick us with the tab!

Meanwhile, over at Tice's Shoals, a local boaters' hangout and great overnight anchorage, it was Rock the Bay Saturday, a day when the local rock radio station sets up a temporary broadcasting camp on a barge and makes lots of noise which attracts lots of yahoos resulting in more noise and more yahoos. Needless to say, we had no desire to be mistaken for yahoos so we continued north.

At this point it was decided by the captain to head for Berkeley Island Park, one of his favorite anchorages. Tacking against the recalcitrant breeze, we finally made it there, did a flyby so I could see it, and decided to head for the barn. It looks like a great place to hang out for the weekend.

An aside note for any non-New Jerseyans reading this. It is the practice of our state and local governments to charge us for anything and everything. They charge us to go to the beach, they charge us to drive on the roads that get to the beach, they fine us for doing something wrong at the beach and we pay them to put the sand back on the beach. I think you get the idea. So when we find a free anchorage or boaters' hangout, we are elated beyond belief. Where are they, you ask? We ain't tellin'... you'll just have to find 'em for yourself!

Dramatic Rescue(s) on Barnegat Bay, New Jersey

By Bob Errico

On with our tale. Heading for the barn, some horses seem to know when we are heading back and take off full speed. I had this happen once and it scared the daylights out of me so I don't ride horses anymore. Today the *Beagle* seemed to act the same. Almost as soon as we pointed back, the wind picked up to a steady 15-18 and gusting to 20 knots out of the west and practically stayed that way for the remainder of the trip back. I noticed that as soon as Ann took the tiller the *Beagle* leapt forward, maybe knowing that a stranger was not at the helm. This seemed strange so as an experiment, I briefly took the stick, sure enough, the knot meter dropped. Ann's hand on the tiller and we took off, my hand, we stalled. Now I realize this could be mere coincidence influenced by the effect that two cold beers on a hot day has on one's thinking. But there are the facts as they were observed. We report... you decide.

With the wind now cooperating, we were having fun, a bit of spray on our faces, nibbling on cheese, crackers and fresh cherries that Ann had brought and were completely oblivious of the potential disaster that lay ahead. With some nautical mishaps we get a bit of warning. We had no warning whatsoever and therefore were only minimally prepared to deal with the hand that Neptune was about to deal us. A sudden gust tore Ann's favorite hat from her head and set it floating, barely, in the treacherous waters of the Barnegat Bay where many hats have met the end of their days.

Determined that Ann's hat would not meet a similar fate, we launched a hat overboard maneuver. After a failed attempt, (she missed it by inches and we almost lost her overboard!) we decided to go around again. It was hard to see the poor hat, just the brim was floating only inches about the surface. It seemed to scream for help. Another go at it brought it no closer. The situation looking grim, Cap't Pedro did what any noble captain and husband would do. With no regard for his own personal safety, he plunged into the depths, swam for the hat and guided by our verbal navigational suggestions, reached the hat just before she went down for the third time. We all breathed a sigh of relief but soon realized that Davey Jones was not through with us yet.

There was a current pulling Pedro away from us and being hove-to, we had to un-hove-to and tack over to pick him up. It wasn't that he was drifting away, but he was just not getting any closer. Me, being unfamiliar with the *Beagle*, made a few mis-tacks and decided to motor over only to discover I couldn't get the motor down. It was then that we saw it, the jet ski slowly approaching Pedro who, in the afternoon chop and glare, was not all that visible.

I got a little concerned as the jet skier seemed to be heading right for our man and I don't have a high opinion of jet ski pilots. That's putting it mildly, friends. As the skier got closer, it seemed even more obvious that Pedro wasn't seen until the last minute when our skier friend, a father taking his daughter

out for a slow ride, veered off in plenty of time to avoid our hero. We still were not getting any closer and were preparing to come about again when my whole world of preconceptions came crashing down around us.

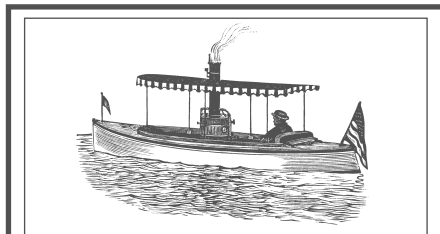
When disaster strikes, it re-prioritizes your thinking. What was considered important becomes meaningless when a life and hat are at stake. Some of our preconceived ideas go out the window in an instant when you see another human being in real trouble. And, like in the story of the Good Samaritan, help often comes from the most unlikely sources.

Out of nowhere, here comes our jet skier who only moments before we feared would end the brave Captain Pedro's days, to rescue him and the hat! Yes, folks its true. A jet skier, one of a group of boaters, nay, I don't even classify them as boaters, came to the rescue and Pedro, clinging to life, the hat and the jet ski, was brought to safety alongside the *Beagle* and climbed aboard despite Jones' desire to pull him to the depths. He was safe, the hat was safe and soon both were drying off in the warm afternoon New Jersey sun, eating cherries and the remainder of the cheese and crackers. Wherever you are, Mr Jet Skier, thank you! You've helped to restore my faith in personal water craft operators. At least one of them anyway.

The rest of the sail was uneventful, with Pedro steering, Ann happy to have her favorite hat (and husband) back, me glad that all three of us were returning unscathed by our harrowing brush with death. After we sailed south a bit, it was apparent that we'd have to motor in and both Ann and I learned the proper operation of the outboard bracket which is quite different than mine. We came in, dropped sails and, after putting the mighty *Beagle* away, enjoyed the last of the beer, being thankful for life itself. Our time together had come to an end, and upon bidding our farewells, I remembered that I hadn't filed a float plan with the Admiral. I decided to truck on back to home port and upon calling home, learned that I'd been considered AWOL by said admiral and hoping to avoid time in the brig, brought home a large pizza as penance (read, bribe).

Well, that's about it. As I stated earlier, some of the facts may have been altered slightly and I've intentionally left out some details of the journey, as agreed upon by all parties while on board the ship. But hey, isn't that called journalistic license?

Be safe and fair winds to you, my friends. And remember, God sometimes sends help from the most unlikely of people!



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Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.

See web page—www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html

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L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

My cousin Jeff and I were always in trouble. We didn't try to get in trouble, it just sort of happened that way. Two incidents stand out. One was when we got arrested, but that isn't what this story is about. This story is about the time we went boating without permission.

The boat in question was my first boat, or rather our first boat since it was a jointly held asset. We were in for equal shares, which was probably good since that meant there were no clear lines of responsibility. I sure wouldn't have wanted to bear the full wrath of our parents, a half share was more than enough.

My Uncle Mort and Aunt June lived about 50 miles from us, and I only saw Jeff when we all got together for big family parties which, as everyone knows, are trouble waiting to happen. The adults would start talking and sometimes they'd play cards or games, and usually there was a bit of drinking so we kids were left largely unsupervised. In the long boring time between when everyone would arrive and we would all sit down to dinner, we cousins were left to figure out how to entertain ourselves.

I was 11 years old at the time and Jeff was 10. My family had just moved into a new house out at the edge of town, a place where immature suburban landscapes rubbed shoulders with lots of open farmland. It was a glorious place to be a kid and there were always adventures to be found, most of which involved trouble of one sort or another.

I remember telling Jeff that all we had to do was walk to the end of the street, turn right and go down a couple of blocks and we'd be out in the fields. So, of course, he had to see for himself.

It was February and it was probably cold, but what I most remember is that there had been a lot of rain and there was a lot of water pooling on the ground. The grasses in the fields were tall, the fields were really muddy and at first we didn't dare venture out there for fear of getting dirty or sinking in quicksand.

I don't know much about the geology knowledge of modern youth, but I know that when I was growing up there was a lot of quicksand and we were always worrying about sinking into it and disappearing forever. To the best of my recollection we never did lose anyone, but at the time there seemed to be a lot of close calls.

So at first Jeff and I just stayed on the path that ran through a greenbelt on the edge of the housing development. We threw rocks for a bit, which landed with a most satisfying, "thwup" as they got swallowed up in the gooey mud, but we could only throw rocks for so long and I had already proved my point that the fields were right around the corner.

Throughout the time that we had been throwing rocks we had continued walking, and pretty soon we came to the place where the pavement ended and it was all open fields from there to Woodland, about ten miles away. This was further than I had ever ventured and it was all pretty exciting, but we had seen the fields and it was time to get back home.

At this point neither of us was particularly dirty, and we had learned long before that there was a tolerable level of mud and staining that we could attain without garnering undue attention. Since we hadn't crossed that threshold, and since we wouldn't be late, returning now would make a lot of sense.

My First Boat

By John Tuma

Generally speaking though, I wouldn't wager a lot of money on the sensibilities of a 10-year-old and an 11-year-old, especially when they are working on a vexing problem together. This time was no different.

"You ever been around that corner?" Jeff asked, pointing to a bend in the dirt road that continued on from the end of the pavement.

"No. This is the farthest I've ever gone." I considered the situation. Since I was older than Jeff, I was expected to be wiser. It was a dreadfully heavy burden. "What time do you think it is? Think it's dinnertime? Maybe we should be getting back."

"Yeah, you're right," said Jeff. "But I sure would like to see where that dirt road goes." He paused for a moment. "Think there's any quicksand out there?"

"Pretty sure there is. But my friend Kenny said you can tell where the quicksand is by looking at the animal tracks. You can see where the tracks go in, and then they disappear and don't come out the other side."

Jeff nodded. The argument made intuitive sense.

"Paul from next door said he heard the same thing." (Probably from Kenny). Since just about everybody I knew was telling me that I could identify quicksand from disappearing animal tracks, I felt pretty confident that I could keep us out of trouble, at least with respect to quicksand.

As we debated the merits of going on we had continued walking along the dirt road, so by now going around the bend in the road was a foregone conclusion. We rounded the corner and discovered, to our amazement, that there really wasn't much to see. The road branched off in two directions, there were some old, gnarled trees in the corner of the field between the two roads that had once been part of a windbreak and other than that there was just a lot of weeds and mud.

I stopped to survey the fields for any sign of something interesting, but Jeff continued on down the road to the right. My survey revealed nothing, though not for lack of effort, so I picked up some rocks and stood there, idly tossing them into the mud while waiting for Jeff to come back. When he didn't come back after what seemed like a long time, I began to get worried. I know I had explained to him the finer points of identifying quicksand, but maybe he hadn't been listening. I ran up the road, fearing the worst, calling Jeff's name.

"What are you hollerin' about?" Jeff asked. "I'm just right here."

Jeff was off the side of the road, crouched by the edge of a large pond. He had a long tree branch with which he was trying to discern the depth of the water, but without much success since it kept floating to the top. One thing was clear, though. The water was pretty deep.

"Look out there!" Jeff pointed out into the middle of the pond, which was really just a low spot at the corner of the field that had filled with water. "It's some kind of tractor." Jeff paused for a moment. "What do you think happened to the driver? Think he's still stuck out there?"

I looked to where Jeff was pointing. There was an old, broken down combine squatting in the muddy water, slowly sinking

into the muck. Both the pond and the tractor had been hidden from view because the weeds were tall and we were short.

"No, I don't think he's still out there. Sure hope he didn't get caught in some quicksand." I scanned up the road. "I don't see any footprints."

"Maybe we should find out. I'd hate to leave him if he's still out there." Jeff had a point. There was no one better qualified than us to make sure the driver was safe, at least no one nearby. Besides, we needed a reason to undertake the dangerous task of exploring the combine and that was as good a reason as any.

"How do you think we should get out there?" Jeff continued.

"Well, we're gonna need a boat," I said. "There's probably quicksand at the bottom of that pond and there might be some alligators or even some piranhas in the water." Jeff looked up at me alarmed.

"Kenny said that Paul told him that there were alligators in the fields when he first moved out here. I believe him 'cause Paul's house was one of the first ones built."

So it was decided then. We would have to explore the tractor to make sure that the driver was OK, but we'd have to have a boat or almost certainly we'd be eaten by alligators before we even had a chance to sink into the quicksand. This was turning out to be the best adventure ever, and all thoughts of returning home for dinner clean enough and on time enough were completely forgotten.

About the only sensible thing we did that day was our decision to stay together while we scouted the perimeter of the pond for a boat. This had more to do with fears about being eaten by alligators than any overriding good sense, but it was a good decision for all that.

Scouting the perimeter of the lake proved to be a lot harder than it first appeared. The ground was very soft and muddy, even though we tried to stay up where the weeds were growing, and we were both covered in mud before we got ten steps off the road. We were committed now and there was no sense going back home this dirty without at least making our best effort to get out to the combine. But it was 30' from the shore even at its closest point.

About halfway around the pond we came across an irrigation pump. Debris was littered around this spot and amongst the debris was a rusty, old steel tank, about 6' long, cut in half lengthwise. The tank was probably an old water tank but it could just as easily have been used for carrying pesticides or fertilizer. We didn't care about any of that. The tank was half floating in the pond with maybe 3" of water sloshing around the bottom. This was our boat!

Since the tank was half floating, we figured that it would be no problem to push it into the water the rest of the way, hop in and pole our way across. Jeff still had his tree branch, which he had carried along in case of alligators, so he was set. All we needed was another long stick and we'd be ready to go. I rooted around for a bit in the debris around the pump but all I could find was a piece of 2"x4" about 3' long. It would have to do.

While I was searching for my stick, Jeff had been trying to push the tank off the mud and into the water. But the tank was stuck and even using his stick to pry it off didn't work.

"How about if I get in and try to paddle while you push," I suggested. Jeff nodded. I carefully clambered over the sharp edge of

the tank and, with my feet splayed against the sides a few inches above the water in the bottom, I slowly worked my way out to the end. With each alternating step the tank would rock first one way and then the other. The combination of me inadvertently rocking the boat, along with my weight at the floating end of the tank, was just enough to break the tank free from the suction of the mud. But with the tank no longer level, the water came rushing down to my end of the boat, causing it to tip even more sharply in my direction.

By now I was pretty scared. The round bottom was not very stable and every time I moved the boat would rock back and forth, the motion amplified by the water that was swirling around my feet. But Jeff was elated.

"OK. Hold on. I'm gonna to get in." Jeff tossed his stick into the boat and gave it a little nudge as he climbed in over the end. The boat slowly eased off the shore and I was sincerely hoping that Jeff wouldn't tip us into the alligator and piranha-infested waters. All thoughts of paddling were secondary. The boat rocked wildly once or twice, but with Jeff's weight now on the shoreside end, the water that had been lapping at my feet flowed back the other way and the bottom of the tank settled once again into the thick clay mud. With that, the boat stopped rocking and we stopped moving.

"Well," I thought, "that's no fun." My momentary terror was replaced with supreme disappointment. How were we ever going to rescue the driver if we couldn't even get our boat off the muddy bank? Jeff tried to push us off with his stick, but the stick just sank ever deeper into the mud and the boat just sat there. It was quicksand for sure. I leaned over the end of the boat and started paddling with my 2"x4" and Jeff kept pushing with his stick, but nothing worked. Finally I suggested that Jeff slowly shift his weight toward me. Maybe we could float off.

Jeff took a couple of steps in my direction and that was all we needed. The boat floated free. I paddled hard to get us off the bank, and then Jeff moved back to his end of the boat and started poling us toward the combine while I continued to paddle.

The combine was listing to one side, which was perfect since it meant that we could tuck the boat up behind one of the wheels and climb onto a long board that ran from where the driver sat all the way back along the side. "Hello?" I squeaked, not at all sure I wanted to find anyone to rescue. Nothing. "Hello!" I said, louder this time, a little more confident we had the tractor to ourselves. Still nothing. It was clear that the driver either had jumped to safety before the tractor crashed into the pond, or else he'd been eaten by alligators. I climbed onto the running board and started working my way forward to the driver's seat. Jeff climbed up after me.

The driver's seat was a wooden bench, about 3' long. There were three or four long levers with grip handles that had been used for controlling the combine, but they were rusted up and we couldn't move them at all. Even so, we had a grand time pretending that we were driving, and when that got boring we left the driver's seat and explored the rest of the tractor, clambering all over the outside and even poking our noses into the inside. But eventually we realized that the sun was going down and it was time to go.

"You know," I said, "it's getting dark."

"Yeah," answered Jeff. "It's probably time to go."

The boat was where we left it, which was good since we had not thought to tie it to anything. Getting back into the boat was a bit tricky. It sure looked like there was more water in the thing than there had been, but it was hard to say since we had never checked for leaks. After studying the situation for a moment, Jeff turned backwards so that he could lower himself into the boat while still holding onto the running board. The boat was pretty tender, especially with the water in it, but he managed to plant his feet firmly on both sides of the boat above the water. From there he retreated to the back of the boat and picked up his stick so that he could hold the boat steady while I got in.

I lowered myself into the boat and gave us a firm push to get us moving.

"You, know," I said, "since we have the boat, we should circle the entire pond and check for tracks." Jeff nodded in agreement.

So he poled and I paddled and we circled the tractor and explored every inch of the shore, but we didn't see a single track, either from the driver or from an animal that had gotten caught in the quicksand. This whole operation didn't take more than ten minutes, but by then it was clear that we were taking on water. As much fun as it was, we needed to park the boat and get back for dinner. We pole paddled back over to the spot by the irrigation pump where we first found the boat and beached it the same way we had gotten it off the bank.

Jeff climbed out and I followed. We said goodbye to our trusty (rusty) vessel, picked out way among the weeds back over to the road and headed for home. We caught hell when we got there, too. Dinner was done, we'd missed the birthdays and the cake. My Aunt June, who was never shy with her opinions, let us have it. All of our other parents and grandparents and aunts and uncles glared silently in the background as Jeff and I slumped lower and lower in our chairs.

"...and we're really disappointed in you. What were you thinking?"

Both of us sat there, a bit shocked. We expected to get in trouble, but not like this. We'd already been home for 15 minutes and no one had offered us dinner. The situation was increasingly grim.

"Well?!" Aunt June demanded.

"I, uh, wanted to show Jeff the fields," I started, haltingly. "And we found this tractor..." I stopped under Aunt June's withering stare. My own parents seemed disinclined to help me.

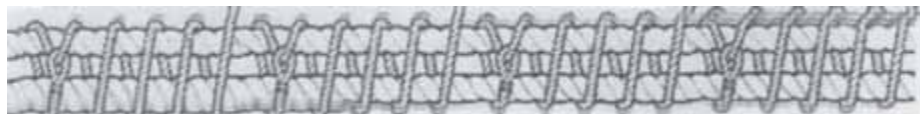
"The tractor was stuck in the mud," blurted out Jeff, coming to my rescue, "and it was surrounded by a big pond so we had to find a boat to see if the driver was OK after crashing into the pond."

"Yeah, we had to have a boat because there was all this quicksand, and Kenny said we could know it was quicksand by the animal tracks."

"Yeah, that's right," said Jeff.

I was watching my father as Jeff was talking about rescuing the driver and I knew then we were going to be OK. Uncle Mort and Uncle Cliff were nodding slowly in the background. The argument made intuitive sense. We couldn't just leave the driver there, they'd all have made the same decision if presented with the same facts and the same opportunity. However, none of them were likely to intervene either, and so far Aunt June, Aunt JoAnne and my mom were not persuaded by our compelling argument. The grilling went on for another ten minutes or so but we did eventually get dinner and even some dessert.

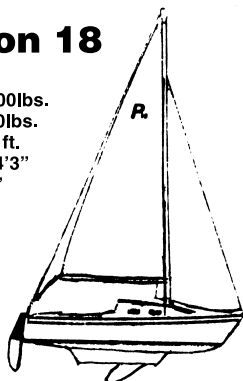
That old tank was as good a boat as any I've ever had. It was rusty and sharp and it leaked, but it got us there and it got us back. As ugly and dangerous as it was, the boat was a magic carpet to a great adventure. And the best part was that all the kids in the neighborhood knew that we had braved the alligators and piranhas and quicksand to explore the pond and the combine because they could see where our tracks went in, and where they came back out.



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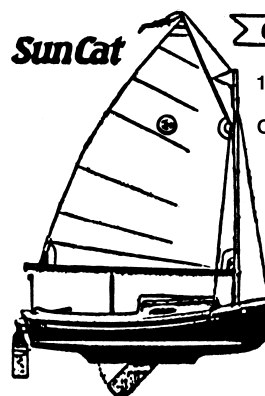
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(Charles Stock's name is well known to the DCA by virtue of his choice of cruising ground and by his book, *Sailing Just for Fun: High Adventure on a Small Budget*, in which he memorably calculated his cruising costs for 1996 as 3p per mile over 1,609 miles. Charles' partner in adventure has been his boat *Shoal Waters*, a well-ballasted pocket cruiser rigged as a traditional gaff cutter, based on a 16' Fairey Falcon hull that has a hot-moulded skin of four agba veneers to the same thickness as her big sister, the renowned 26' Atalanta. Charles purchased the hull new at the Boat Show in 1963 and fitted it out himself at the time when new materials and techniques were being applied in home boat-building. "Clodhopper carpentry has arrived just in time," Charles joked).

The first time that I sailed solo out of the lovely River Blackwater to explore the maze of creeks and rivers within the Thames Estuary was in 1949. By 2009, over 75,000 nautical miles later, it was becoming obvious that the old body was gradually giving up. After all, I have had it for 83 years and they don't make them to last forever. The topsail had long been put ashore because of the danger when lowering it singlehanded, together with the storm trysail, for these days, if the wind is that strong I stay put.

Successful long weekend trips to Ipswich and round the Isle of Sheppey either side of my 82nd birthday seemed a good time to call a halt. I had hoped to carry on pottering within the Rivers Colne and Blackwater estuaries for several more years but rapid physical deterioration came on apace over the winter and early spring.

Fitting out dragged on, as I no longer drive and the buses run at two-hourly intervals only. It was not done to my usual standard, but by mid-June all was ready and my son came over to help me launch.

Now to find out just how serious my handicaps were. My fingers won't work properly. I had heard of, but never seen, a button hook. Now I own three (bedroom, loo and boat). My loss of balance has caused several falls recently with nothing more serious, so far, than the mother and father of all black eyes and a wrist in a splint for ten days. Lastly, I have a general lack of get up and go.

Within days of launching, a long spell of light winds was forecast, and it was time to go and explore my limits. The first snag was rowing the club dinghy out to *Shoal Waters*. I could cup my right hand to pull the oar, but not grip it firmly enough to prevent the blade twisting parallel to the water. Fortunately it was only a hundred yards so I managed.

Once onboard, I was faced with sorting out the gear already there and the gear with which I had arrived (by taxi). By the time all was shipshape, I was exhausted. The strong wind that had blown for over a week, was dying (as forecast), but I couldn't face the hoisting of the mainsail, so I cast off the mooring for the last time, unrolled the jib and glided slowly downstream with the first of the ebb, to anchor in 8' over the extensive, but level, mudflats east of Northey Island.

Then came the first serious difficulty, turning the Gaz stove on and off! I managed by holding the index finger of one hand on top of the knob and the other underneath.

Monday dawned flat calm, which gave me a chance to try my luck with the mainsail. The main difficulty came after hoisting the sail, when gripping the end of the halyard between finger and thumb to turn it up on the

Swallowing The Anchor

By Charles Stock
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Assoc (UK)



cleat without losing any. I hate to see a gaff mainsail half up but it was the best I could do.

Now came the major problem, the anchor. I like to sleep confident that the boat will stay put, so I have a real anchor, a 17lb fisherman on 1/4" chain. I was unable to break it out each day, but as the tide was rising, all I had to do was to harden the chain in until it was straight up and down, make fast, and wait for the rising tide to do the job for me. The only snag is that I then have to go onto the foredeck to store the anchor, which is fine when it is calm, but dicey in strong winds. Of course it only works with a rising tide.

A gentle breeze blew up, with cobwebs in the rigging, the sure sign of a sea breeze from the southeast for the afternoon. I sailed down to the narrows and back close to the remnants of Osea Pier. It was still complete (apart from a section blown up in 1940 during the invasion threat) when I first sailed here in 1948. Sea breezes in high summer here can get lively around four or five o'clock, so I sailed south into Lawling Creek and moored over the flat mud for a long afternoon nap. In the early evening I tried to get underway



again, but after raising the anchor, I flopped down on the foredeck and was unable to get up quickly enough to reach the tiller before she ran aground. I gave up and settled down for a long, lazy evening.

The boatyard further up the creek was once owned by the Cardinal brothers. In the thirties they had started building some fine little yachts inland but moved to the present site during the war, picking the only place on muddy Lawling Creek where a long narrow tongue of saltings reached out from the western bank, forcing the tide to run hard against the eastern shore, exposing a clean shingle beach. The Admiralty's insatiable demand for small craft meant a large shed and a concrete slip, which left them well placed for the post-war yachting boom.

The two brothers were the nicest people one could wish to meet with soft hearts for impecunious sailors such as me and Jim Robertson, an engineer, who struggled to keep his Edwardian Clyde Thirty, *Corrie* afloat. The beach above the yard was backed by an area of grass then open to the public, and they let me moor off there for several weeks without charge. *Corrie*, which drew 6', was moored further down the creek where she just grounded at low water springs.

In those days we could dry out and scrub against Osea Pier. I crewed on *Corrie* for the first Buckley Goblets race at the end of the glorious '47 season and in many EAORA and RORC events in the '50s. My skill at the helm, gained on long trips in my half-decker *Zephyr* to the Wash and Poole Harbour, secured me a berth on many other craft, including *Mindy* and *Golden Dragon*. One annual event was the Thames Estuary Race, from Burnham round the Sunk Light Vessel, Longsand Head and Kentish Knock buoys, and home via the Edinburgh Channel. I understand that it is now history, as there were only two entrants the last time it was run.

In spite of faster boats and dinghies, all races seem to be getting shorter. The reluctance to enter that nasty, cold, wet, salty water before the 10-minute gun and the stampede to get back up the ramp once they cross the finishing line, makes me wonder if we are breeding a race of 10-minute sailors. I remembered crewing a Snipe in a dinghy race round the Isle of Wight. My, this lazy cruise I was on now was turning into a trip down memory lane (or should that be memory creek?).

Tuesday dawned fine with the lightest of airs from the south. New tactics improved the set of the mainsail and I sailed past the yard and sailing club to the very head of Mundon Creek. The yard and club area seems to be silting up fast due to three factors: the very head of the creek was blocked off after the '53 floods in order to reduce the length of seawall to be strengthened; the erosion of the salting spit so that the tide no longer runs fast by the yard; and the establishing of a drying marina with craft alongside walkways at right angles to the shore which encourages silting up. On the way out I looked into Mayland Creek. There was once a club here with rumours of connections to the Kray Brothers.

The wind was rising from the south, so I headed upriver and settled for a drying berth behind Northey Island for lunch and an afternoon nap. By early evening the breeze was easing as a 3/4 moon introduced herself among a few light fluffy clouds. These were conditions in which I love to sail on into the darkness, but I just couldn't face the struggle

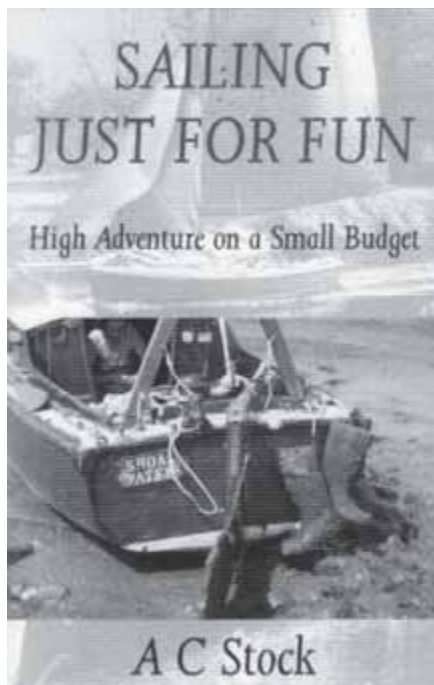
with the mainsail and the anchor. At least I was in a perfect spot to see the sunset over Maldon, reflected in the water!

When the chuckle of the returning tide woke me on Wednesday, it was warm and sunny again but the light wind was from the west, which suited me fine. Westward there is a causeway to the island that only floods enough to cross two hours either side of HW. Over the years a number of craft have become stranded on the road, blocking all traffic. The most, famous case isolated a Guides camp, said to have included HRH Princess Anne.

I wound my way east until I was clear of the extensive mudflats. Only two other craft were about, both gaff-rigged. The beat up past Mill Beach brought back memories of a week's holiday in a caravan here when my four children were small and money was tight. Once there was a dinghy racing club here with a clubhouse on stilts outside the sea wall; after rumors of a local dispute, it mysteriously burnt down. The mighty Salcote watermill has now been turned into flats, but I can remember sailing barges visiting there. A club member hitched a trip on one, leaving at noon and arriving at Ipswich six hours later.

The hundred year-old Blackwater SC, once a wooden hut behind the seawall on the site of an old salt works, is now becoming a major sailing centre, with ample car parking, plenty of space ashore for over a hundred cruisers during the winter, and its own sail training lake for cadets. Another major extension was opened in July last year, costing £35,000.

It was a broad reach up Colliers Reach, past the canal basin with memories of trips to Chelmsford. Once Baltic timber ships stopped here to unload half their cargo into lighters to decrease their draft in order to get right into the canal basin, or up past Maldon Hythe to the timber yard. Then I noted the rotting hulk of a sailing barge. Many moons ago a chap



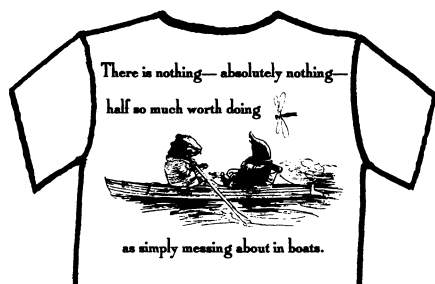
The book cover with the famous shot of sea-boats hanging over the transom of *Shoal Waters* waiting to be cleaned in the rising tide.

was slaving away restoring her, with a view to entering the annual barge match.

Suddenly the seawall gave way to the famous view of St Mary's Church towering over Maldon Hythe and the topmasts of vessels alongside. Once the river was full of moored yachts but today most prefer to moor alongside the saltings above the Hythe, even if it means that they can leave and return only near high water.

The beach below the Hythe was once lined with smart, varnished rowing boats for hire. The proprietors kept the beach clean with scoops on poles. Once the ebb set in, they stood knee-deep in the river and threw water up onto the uncovering shingle, washing off the mud brought in by the flood, into the ebb and back whence it came. Thus most of the prom was lined with clean shingle on which kids could paddle and learn to swim. Now it is all mud.

Then I beat up as far as the junction of the Chelmer and Blackwater Rivers, once dominated by Sadds' busy timber yard. Downs Road Boatyard opposite is busier than ever, with a large vessel on the slip. It would have been nice to have had a look at the Maldon Crystal Salt Company and Greens Flour Mills upstream, but smaller craft were already slipping away from their mud berths, a sure sign that it was nearly high water, so I turned back for my mooring, which I picked up at 1000h. Ninety minutes later the tide had left her and I walked away from *Shoal Waters* for the last time.



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Following the establishment of the Royal Canoe Club (RCC) of Britain around 1870, the American Canoe association (ACA) was founded in 1880, heavily influenced by the affordability of a small craft such as the canoe and the many pleasures it provided. Late in the 1890s the RCC of Britain and the ACA began to engage in international canoe competitions such as The New York Challenge Cup, the second oldest international sailing trophy, second only to the America's Cup Trophy.

In the 1955 challenge between Britain and America, Lou Whitman's hull *Manana II* was British rigged (sails, tiller and inboard rudder) and took two firsts out of the three race series in America. The Americans all sailed *Manana II* hulls but, with the exception of Englishman Ron Head sailing a British rigged *Manana II*, all the British boats were Uffa Fox designs. Uffa Fox not only designed his boats but raced one against the Americans for the NY Canoe Cup, which his team won in 1933. Fox designed *Defiant*, *Flying Fish*, *Storm Patrol*, *Rammach*, and *Mederka*.

The first day of racing the Brits luffed out Lou and Joe Farrugia of the American team within minutes of the start, a tactic they were able to enjoy because of their inboard rudders, definitely demoralizing the Americans.



Frank competed in the NYCC Challenge Cup in his *Manana*.

The fleet underway, note the differing sail designs.



In 1956 *Yachting Magazine* sponsored a One-of-a-Kind race held in Shrewsbury, New Jersey to determine the fastest class boat. We had a small cradle mounted on the roof of our car (Plymouth Cranbrook), which held our 17' IC canoe, hiking board, centerboard, rudder and all necessary equipment. We drove to Shrewsbury for the race. Before we unloaded the canoe, we walked around to survey the competition. Frank admired the E-Scow and said as much to the skipper of the boat.

He said to Frank, "That's the only boat I'm worried about over there on top of that car." Frank had a modest response. We met Harry Sindle, who represented the Flying Dutchman Class and George Moffat who

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My City Island Days Part 5

By Fay Jordaens

The New York Challenge Cup

In the second race, Frank Jordaens protested a maneuver by England's Bill Kempner who came about in front of him, forcing him off course. Frank leaned under his boom and said "I'm going to have to protest that maneuver Bill as you forced me off course in order that I not hit you."

Bill said "Do what you must." The Committee ruled against Kempner, thus giving the second race to the Americans and tying the



Adolf Morse sailing his *Nymph II* in the NYCC Challenge Cup.

series one to one. In his entire sailing career, this was Frank's one and only protest.

In the third race, the Americans clobbered the Brits. We have often talked across the Pond about that 1955 race. The Uffa Fox boats could not compete against Lou's *Manana II*. When they went back to England they contracted for a new designer. Ron Head told me that they had brought over a team of four Brits in 1955 because they thought they would need so large a team to beat Lou, for whom they all had such great respect.

That 1955 meet confirmed to the British helmsmen that they now had the information needed to beat the American team in 1959, which is what they successfully accomplished. They returned in 1959 with newly designed Ian Proctor hulls and their superior rigging totally flummoxed the Americans, Lou Whitman and Adolph Morse. The English full-batten sails were unbelievable. After 1959 all the Americans raced with full batten sails. This was definitely the end of the *Manana* era...

All these years later, we still re-sail some of those races...



Getting into the picture, photo from the *New York Daily News*, September 6, 1955, I am identified as "Mrs. Fay Jordaen, whose husband is an American Team member." The three guys are from left: Lou Whitman and Britishers Graham Goodson and John Stothort.

It's Only A Race

skipped the 5-0-5. Frank felt that these boats would be his stiffest competition. The IC performs well in stiff breezes and we were looking at a breezy, grey, cold May day. The river water was still icy. By the time the race began, the wind had picked up to about 15 knots.

Lou Whitman and I watched my husband, an excellent sailor, jockey for a good start at the beginning of the race when suddenly, I detected that something had happened. Since we watched from the shoreline, we had no way of knowing that he had broken a piece of equipment on his boat at the start of the race. Lou and I watched with bin-

oculars and a stop watch. We criticized the set of his sails and saw Frank capsize twice. The sky darkened, the wind picked up and Frank still passed boats on the course, all the while he was spilling wind. When he was in second place, we headed for the Committee boat to watch the finish.

Lou, with stop watch in hand, sat on the engine cover of the Committee boat and faced the shore, while I had the binoculars and followed my husband's boat. "Oh-oh Lou, the Dutchman just capsized!"

"Good," added Lou, "that means that Frank has the race!"

"Well not if he goes over to Harry and tries to help him."

A horrified Lou said, "He wouldn't do that, would he?" I could see that Frank, in the nearest boat to Harry, had already veered off his course. He sailed over to the Dutchman and luffed up alongside the overturned boat. Even at a distance we could see how furiously his sails were snapping in that howling wind. Frank said he asked if he could help them when Harry yelled, "Finish Frank, finish, you're almost across the finish line." Even with his detour and luffing sails, our decked canoe finished first and first on corrected time as well.

After the racing is over, all races are re-sailed and this one was no exception. "Why did you get such a lousy start?" Lou wanted to know.

"I broke my connecting rod, Lou, and had to lash it together just to continue and at no time could I sail the canoe too hard, so I started spilling wind."

"Well then, why did you go over to the Dutchman when you had the race won?"

"Harry had a girl on that trapeze and I thought that maybe she needed to get out of that bitter cold water." Needless to say, Lou, who lived for sailing and loved the sport more than life itself, could not understand this logic. Half smiling at his friends' intensity and bewilderment Frank softly added, "It's only a race Lou."

In 1957, Bill Robinson, of *Yachting Magazine*, notified Frank that he was expected on Saturday, May 25th at the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey, so that he could defend his title in the magazine's OOK series.

Before we removed our canoe from the top of our car, we walked around and

greeted old friends. Once again Harry Sindle was there sailing his Flying Dutchman and George Moffat represented the 5-0-5. It looked as though it would be a promising race for our opponents as the wind was incredibly light and the tide was very low. This time Frank knew the river well enough to stay away from trouble spots, but still he sustained a minor mishap before the race began.

Even though he again had difficulties with his connecting rod, he managed a quick repair and got a good start. He did poorly against the Dutchman and the 5-0-5 on windward legs, but to our pleasant surprise he gained ground on them on the reaches. He finished third across the line on the first day of sail. The Dutchman and the 5-0-5 were first and second. On corrected time, Frank was first, the 5-0-5 second and the Dutchman was third.

On Sunday morning we were again looking at very light winds of about 5-6 knots for the windward-leeward race. The canoe stayed with the F.D. and the 5-0-5 on the windward leg and caught them on the spinaker run, rounding the second mark in first place. The Dutchman overtook Frank on the windward leg and they finished in that order.

When the wind dropped in the afternoon to about 3-4 knots, Frank got off to a poor start, trapped in the pack! Sindle and Moffat got beautiful starts, way out in front and they maintained their leads, engaging occasionally in luffing matches. Frank picked up a few boats and finished fifth on corrected time.

He took the series with a total of 7 points, two firsts and a fifth. The Dutchman

Only Married Couple to Race On Another

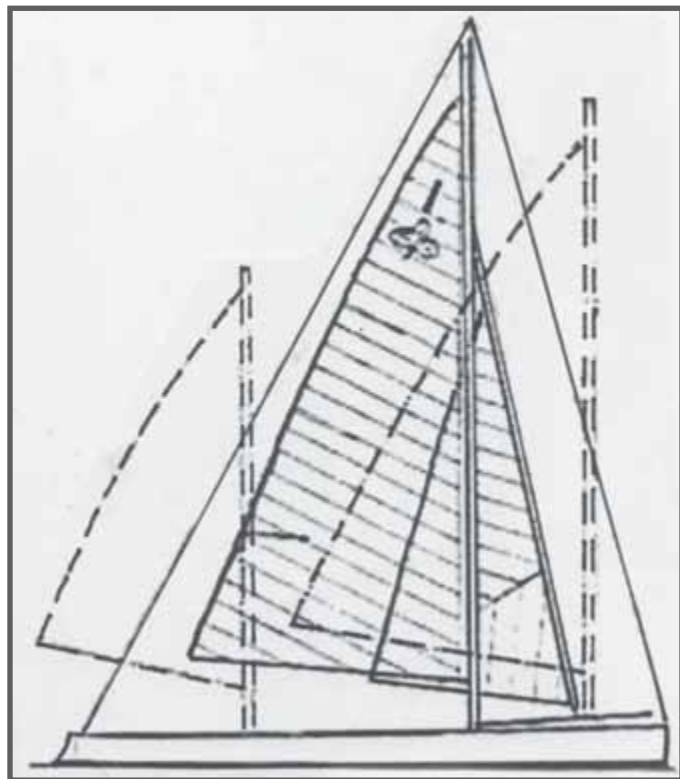
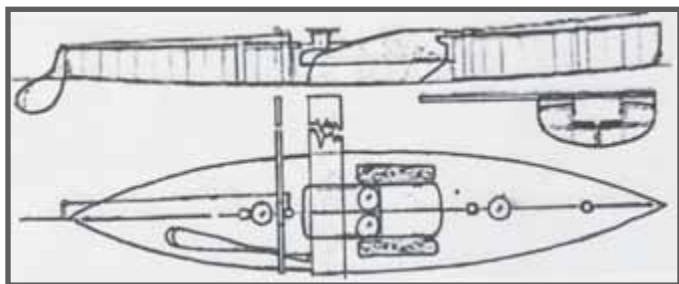


and Moffat were tied for 2nd place with 10 points each. Harry Sindle placed 3rd, 4th and 3rd. Moffat took a 2nd, 7th and a 1st. On corrected time the Dutchman gave Frank 40 seconds to the mile and the 5-0-5 gave up 14 seconds to the mile, giving Frank the series for a second time.

On our way home Frank said that he was not going to defend his title in the following year. "I don't think this corrected time stuff is fair, it should be judged boat for boat."

The Transformation of the 16x30 Nymph II

This drawing shows a shadow image of a 16x30 *Nymph II* as she appeared in 1936, designed by Gilbert, rigged with a mizzen mast. Superimposed over that image is a re-rigged *Nymph II* as she appeared in the 1948 races for the International Challenge Cup meet that year, sailed by Adolph Morse. Adolph raced this boat until he bought his Max Anderson Manana II (named *Nymph III*) in the early 1950s, which he sailed and won with in 1955 as US 56. Morse participated in two of the International races and was a national and international champion holding over 21 trophies over a 10 year period.



On the accompanying illustration are several spirited pictures illustrating scenes during the annual regatta of the New York Canoe Club, which took place last week in the Upper Bay, off the clubhouse on Staten Island. The central picture is of the sailing race with several of the leading canoes passing the light on Robbins reef. The tiny craft, none of which is over 15' in length, carry enormous sails for their size, and only the greatest skill and care on the part of their skippers prevent them from upsetting. A few years ago only leg-of-mutton sails were used on canoes; then came various forms of sprit-sails, lateens, and lugsails; until now, for racing purposes and light winds the sail known as the balanced lug shown in the illustration, is the most popular.

Although it is a large sail, it is very easily handled and can be quickly reefed or lowered. It has two battens, or thin strips of wood sewed into pockets running horizontally across it, and these cause it to set very flat so that the canoes can sail close into the wind. With these large sails the racing canoe must, of course, carry heavy ballast, which is usually in the form of several bags of shot of from 20 to 50 pounds weight each, and often the ballast carried weighs as much as the canoe itself. Sometimes the skipper sits up on the windward gunwale of his canoe, but as a general thing he is content to sit as low down in the bottom of his little craft as possible.

The small illustrations show the other races of the regatta, the paddling and the upset race. The latter is a race in which, at a signal, all competing canoes must be capsized so that they are completely upside down. The owners, who are thus left struggling in deep water, must right their boats, get into them, if possible, and paddle to the

Canoes & Canoeing

By Nautilus

From *Harper's Young People*, July 1881
Submitted by Fay Jordaens

float, the one who reaches it first winning the race. This race not only affords much amusement to the spectators, but is excellent practice for the canoeist who may thus teach himself how to act when accidentally upset while on a cruise.

Canoeing is a sport which is rapidly increasing in popularity in this country, and early next month the Annual Convention of the American Canoe Association will be held on Canoe Island in Lake George, where a large number of canoeists will gather. Much business will be transacted, a number of races will be contested, and canoes of every known model will be exhibited during the three days of the Convention. During their stay the canoeists will camp out on the island and they expect to have a jolly good time.

Canoes are of many styles and range in price from \$20 to \$100. The former are can-

vas canoes and the latter are of cedar and oak or birch, beautifully finished in every detail.

A number of boys have already written to the editor of this paper asking him what style of canoe is the best. This question can only be answered when it is accompanied by a description of the water on which the canoe is to be used and the purposes for which it is wanted. For paddling on inland waters and large carrying capacity, the birch is a good canoe; but being open and without a keel it is a wet craft, and not adapted for sailing. The canvas canoe, of which a description and directions for building have already been given in *Young People*, is also good for inland waters, is easy to paddle, can carry sail and, being decked over, will keep a cargo dry. The "Racine" and "Nautilus" canoes are the best for both paddling and sailing and will stand heavy weather. The "Shadow" and "Jersey Blue" canoes are the best for sailing and are generally preferred for salt water cruising.

Any of the readers of *Young People* who desire further information concerning canoes may address "Nautilus" and he will try to furnish it through our post office box.

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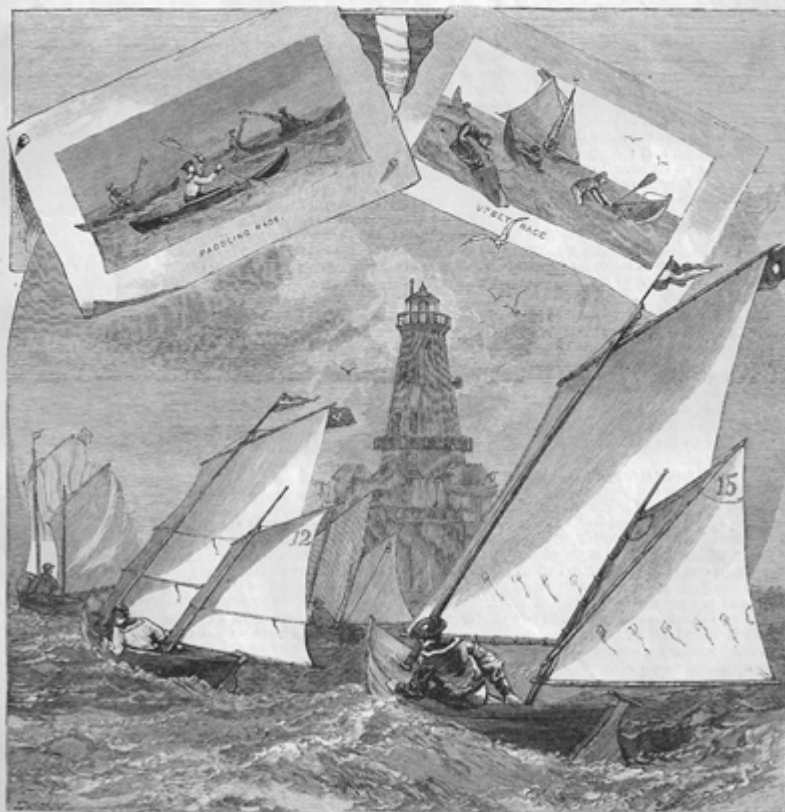


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CANOEING IN NEW YORK BAY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Crystal River (FL) Boat Builders' (CRBB) main activity is building replicas of boats that traditionally sailed in the waters of the Gulf and the coast. Our newest project will be of a much grander scale than our previous projects, building a sailing scow from scratch.

A scow probably came from the Dutch word "schouw." There are no references to scows in the 17th century; however, it may have been a type of vessel that was widely used in the Americas as early as 1725 (Chapelle 1951:33). Chapelle (1951) described scows as square-ended hulls that have a flat or nearly flat bottoms. Sailing scows had design characteristics that provided stability in open waters and a shallow draft that made them excellent boats for sailing into the shallow waters of Florida's bays and rivers.

When finished, the CRBB replica will be 36' long and 12' wide. We know that sailing scows were present in Florida by at least the Civil War and probably earlier. I hear you, you're asking me how do we know this and how do we know what they looked like? Surprisingly, the best way to figure this out has been from some of the Civil War records of the Union naval blockade during the war. The Union Navy documented the capture of at least two sailing scows in the eastern Gulf of Mexico. The first was documented on May 30, 1863, when the *USS Fort Henry* captured a small sloop and a scow in Wacassassa Bay.

The scow reportedly carried 56 bales of cotton. This was a substantial cargo for a relatively small coastal vessel. A Civil War era cotton bale weighed 500 pounds and was approximately 56" long, 48" tall and 30" wide. The 56 bales of cotton would have weighed roughly 14 tons and occupied almost 2600 cu ft of space. Much of this cargo would have occupied deck space rather than cargo holds.

The second sailing scow that was captured by the US Navy was documented in a report dated April 14, 1864. In this report Lt Browne, commander of the *USS Restless*, described an attack on the Confederate salt works at White Bluffs on the Wetappo River. In addition to capturing the salt stored at the facility, the attackers also captured a "barge" as a prize of war. Lt Browne originally described the vessel as a barge but other evidence indicates that she was a sloop-rigged scow designed for shallow water work.

He stated: "She is nearly a new barge, 36' long, 3' deep, and 11' beam, built of 2" yellow pine plank and is perfectly tight, sloop-rigged and has an open hatch amidships 19' long, in which I have built a platform and laid a circle for our 12-pounder howitzer, which can be fired from almost any point of the compass. She has a new lug mainsail, which I have altered to a boom mainsail, and have made a new mast and bowsprit and given her a jib. I have also built leeboards 4' wide and 5' deep and think that she will work admirably" (Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies (ORUCN) Vol 17, p678).

His addition of the 12-pounder howitzer indicates that he intended to use this boat for a specific type of work. The 12-pounder howitzer was a short-barreled weapon with a range of approximately 1,000 yards. This type of weapon was optimized for firing a shell in a high arc, which made it ideal for attacking fortifications along the shoreline. The other elements that he added included leeboards.

Leeboards were large, sometimes retractable boards that were fastened to the rail or sheer strake. Leeboards added stabil-

Building a Sailing Scow from Scratch

By Steve Kingery

ity in more exposed waters and sailing on the wind without leeway, or being driven sideways by the force of the wind. These additions indicate that Lt Browne believed that this barge was ideal for use as a gun platform in supporting attacks against local Confederate forces that protected St Andrews Bay and other targets along the Florida Gulf Coast.

On May 23, 1864, Lt Browne wrote orders to Ensign Henry Eason who had been placed in command of the barge that was captured on the Wetappo River. The orders indicate that Eason's barge had been named *Wartappo*. This name was probably derived from the river on which she was originally captured. The orders gave Ensign Eason command of the *Wartappo* and a cutter (probably from the *USS Restless*) during an attack on Goose Bayou near present day Panama City. On May 24 the men of the *Wartappo* landed the 2nd Florida (US) Cavalry and destroyed 11 salt works and approximately 60 salt kettles (ORUCN Vol 17, 706).

Three days later Eason reported that Confederate forces on shore began firing on his boats. In that report Eason described his boats as a scow and a cutter, although the commander of the *USS Restless* continued to describe the *Wartappo* as a barge (ORUCN Vol 17, p719). On June 5, 1864, the barge was placed under the command of Ensign W.B. Rankin and on June 8 launched a raid with 40 soldiers to destroy 97 salt works and capture 600 rations of corn and 320 rations of bacon,

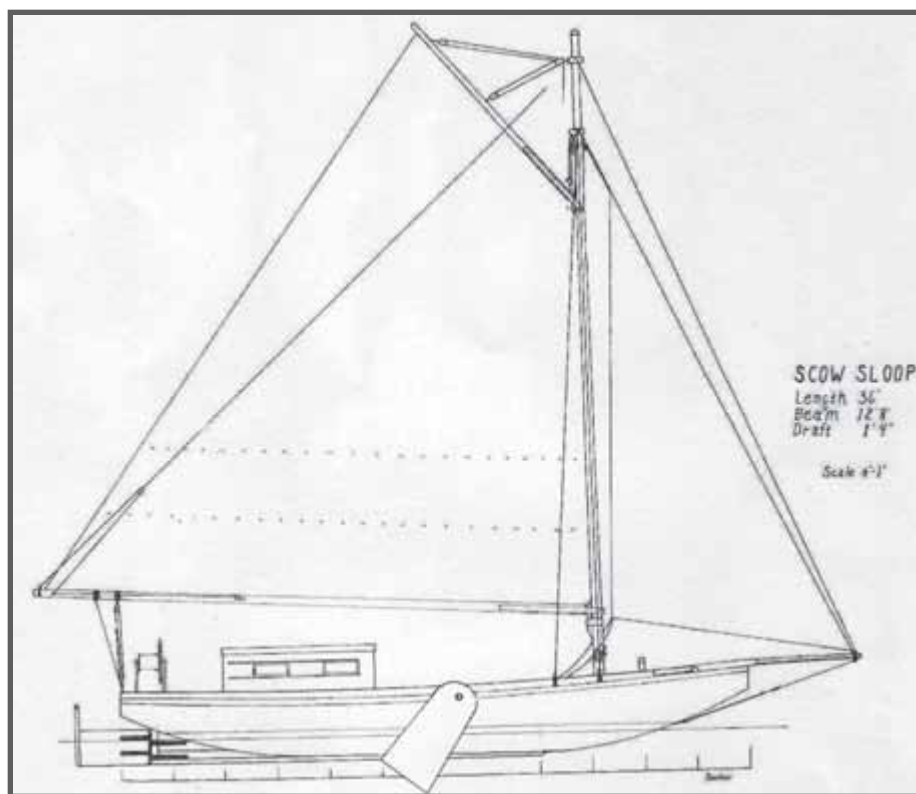
which was loaded onto the *Wartappo*. In his report of the action Rankin also described his boat as a scow (ORUCN Vol 17, p719).

So we now we know that there were sailing scows on the Gulf Coast and we know a little bit about their size and a little bit about their sailing characteristics. So next the Crystal River Boat builders take this limited information and combine it with several of the complete plans for scows from other regions. The builders will use these plans to develop the replica most likely represent the configuration of the *Wartappo*.

Building a replica of the *Wartappo* is expected to take two years. All aspects of the boat will be constructed; masts, rigging and hull. Some items, such as sails and anchors, will be purchased and installed. During this period the boatshed will serve as an ongoing interpretive exhibit. The boat builders, in partnership with the Florida Public Archaeology Network and the Florida Park Service, will use the boat construction process to educate people about the history of boat building in the region and the types of tools that were used during the period. This project will include hands-on opportunities for visitors to participate in the construction process.

Once the scow is completed it will be a mobile interactive museum, which will continue to support education and outreach in Citrus County and other areas of Florida.

The CRBB officially began working on the *Wartappo* at this year's 2nd Annual Boat Bash at Crystal River Preserve on April 30. The Crystal River Boat Builders are all volunteers but they need some financial support to purchase wood and other items such as sails and anchors. If you are interested in supporting this project contact the CRBB through www.tsca.net/CRBB.





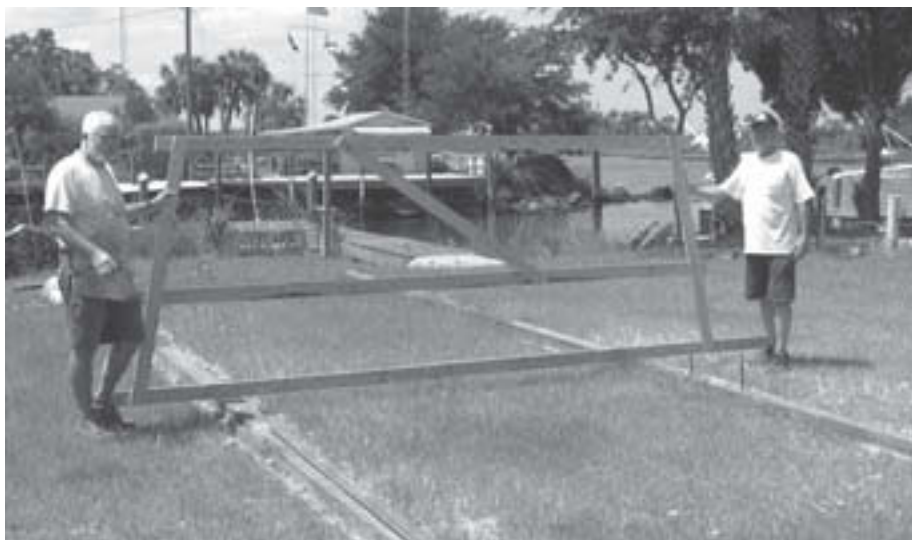
1/6th scale model.



Inspecting a frame.



Using the shaving horse making pegs for the boatshop.



Setting up 1st frame.



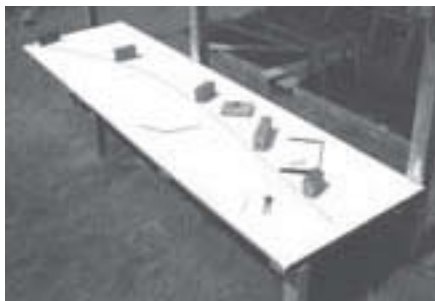
Using the planing bench.

Our Boatshed & Stuff



Our boatshed on the banks of the Crystal River.

Lofting floor (wall/table) and tools.



Using the lofting table.

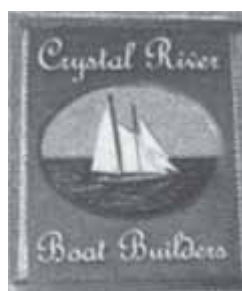


CRBB Membership

Anyone who wants to participate in CRBB projects is welcome! Since we are a part of the program of the Florida State Parks, registration as a Parks volunteer is necessary. There are mutual benefits to this: volunteers receive training in Parks policies and procedures, they are covered by Park workman's compensation, and they are recognized throughout the Park system. Sign up as a volunteer at the CRPSP office.

To become a member of the CRBB, and share in the decision making and planning one must be a member of the TSCA (Traditional Small Craft Association) and the Friends of the Park. Becoming a Friend of the Park shows that one has an interest in all Florida State Parks, it helps foster the good works that the Friends do, and supports (through the yearly dues) many worthwhile projects benefiting the park and the community. As the Friends organization acts as our financial arm, membership in the Friends ensures that our aims and goals are represented.

For further information go to: Bill Whalen at wfxw1@embarqmail.com



Born in 1932 in the Assumption Parish community of Pierre Part, Alex Giroir grew up speaking Cajun French and English. An accomplished carpenter, he is skilled at making the wooden boats traditional to Atchafalaya Basin. He learned from his father Alexander Giroir who was a master boat builder. He says, "I was born into the boat building tradition, and I knew carpentry work before I knew anything else."

Using hand and power tools, Alex makes a variety of wooden boats, including pirogues and rowing skiffs. He sometimes works with his nephew, Raymond Sedotal.

Mr Giroir's father at one time made traditional dugout pirogues from cypress logs. Around the turn of the century, the elder Mr Giroir started building what they called "plank boats" or pirogues constructed of cypress planks because of the waste involved in making dugouts. Dugout pirogues used more than half of a large cypress log and a boat builder could make about 15 plank boats from the same wood, Alex Giroir explains. He points out, "Today, good cypress is hard to find and most wooden pirogues are now made of plywood, but even plywood planks

Alex A. Giroir Boat Maker

From Louisiana Folklife Center
<http://louisianafolklife.nsula.edu/artist-biographies/profiles/89>



are becoming hard to get." Occasionally he and Mr Sedotal make aluminum pirogues used for fishing and hunting in the swamps.

Mr Giroir's wide-bottomed pirogues are exceptionally stable. He points out that

he sets his seats differently than does Raymond Sedotal. Raymond sets his seats from one side of the boat to the other, but Mr Giroir leaves an opening on each side of the seat. That way, if the boat tips, the seat won't get wet. Alex Giroir does not make as many full-sized boats as he makes miniature boats, which he uses as visual aids when he describes boats rarely seen today, and to talk about life in the swamps as it used to be. Mr Giroir built an old-fashioned ferry for use at Vermillionville in Lafayette. He also makes cypress swings but finds it hard to get enough good wood to make many of them.

As a master boat builder, Alex Giroir is a member of the Louisiana Crafts Program and has received many honors for his maintenance of this art. He has demonstrated boat building at festivals through out the United States and Louisiana, including the Smithsonian's Festival of American Folklife, the 1984 World's Fair in New Orleans, the Louisiana Folklife Festival and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. Mr Giroir's wife Mazie is a traditional cook and often accompanies her husband to festivals.

It takes a lot more work to design and build a boat like this with a bedroom, kitchen, living room, engine room and back porch than it does a little sailboat, but it is fun. I'll repeat the philosophy that's gone into designing this boat. I've had every kind of boat you can imagine, from small day sailers to large cruising boats, both sail and power, and know exactly what sort of boat I want.

I want to be able to take the boat anywhere in the country at 70mph, cruise in perfect comfort for long periods of time at little expense and in all weather, explore in all water depths with no thought of running



Interior framing shaping up.

The Fantail Launch Helen Marie

By Dave Lucas



Skipper test driving Captain's Chair.

aground, not worry about bugs or heat, have it be almost indestructible so anyone can borrow it, always be comfortable and self contained, ready to pull out and go at a moment's

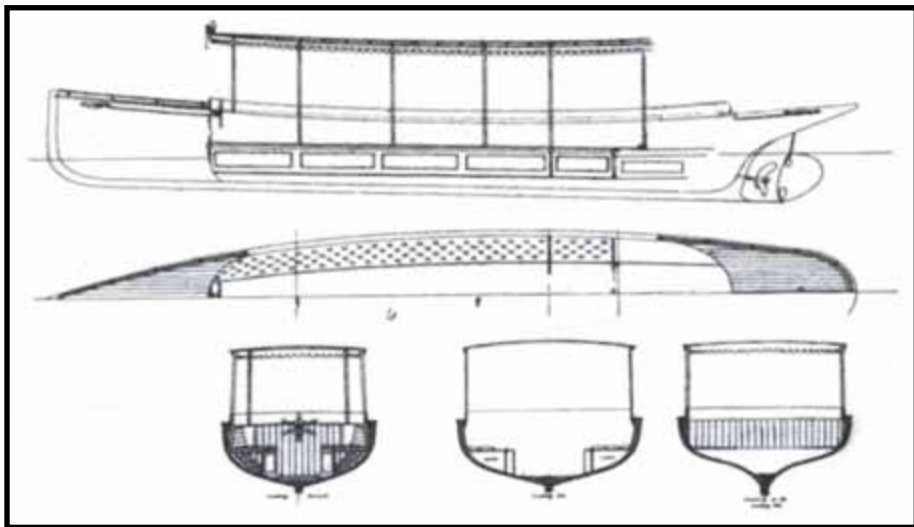
notice on her trailer and have a happy wife there with me when she wants. As you can see, a lot of thought went into this boat.

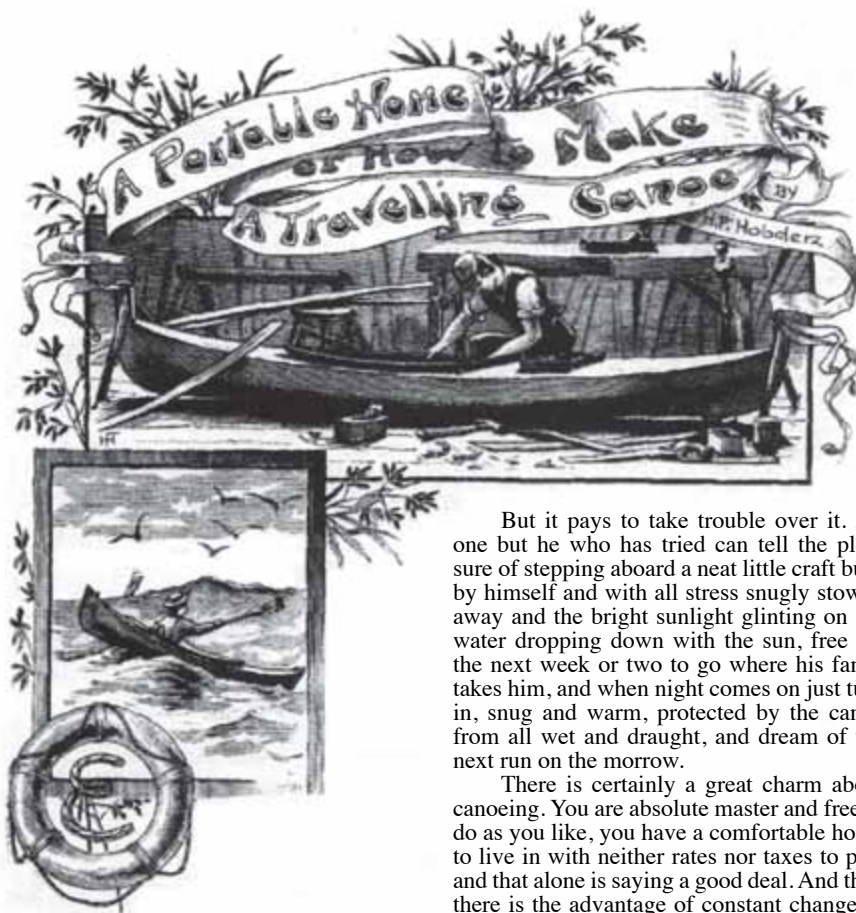
She's about like this 1899 fantail launch except she's 6 1/2' wide, which isn't much. This beam will make her very slick to push along, her 20hp motor is more than enough. The entire concept is for two people living on her. More can go but the design is intended for two. She has a dedicated bedroom up forward, cabin with two large comfortable seats, a couch with reefer and potty under, counter with sink, microwave, ice maker and air conditioner under. The 90gal water ballast should keep her steady and 250 mile range should eliminate worries about gas. Here are a few pictures of the interior, window frames and air conditioner installation.



A/C and galley installation underway.

Window frames assembled.





Designing and Building a Traveling Canoe

From the *Boys Own Paper*
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, Autumn 2010
Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak
Association (UK)

Everyone with any practical experience in camping out and canoeing generally will, I think, agree with me in saying there is no outdoor amusement more enjoyable or calculated to improve one's health, harden the muscles and make one feel fit for anything; but to enjoy it thoroughly you require a suitable craft to float in.

For instance, a racing canoe is not a handy boat for general travel and living on board, for this you do not require speed so much as comfort and carrying power.

In designing a canoe, therefore, the requirements of the boat must be kept in mind and there are many things to be thought of.

A traveling canoe must not be too heavy for one person to handle; at the same time you require it as strong as it is possible for it to be.

Then the length must be kept well within bounds, both on account of ease in turning and also in anticipation of possible trips by rail so that it may be conveniently stowed in the guard's van.

A canoe should be stiff in the water with plenty of beam for steadiness and to allow space for the necessary luggage, which, if you are intending a long cruise, amounts to a goodly pile for a small boat to accommodate.

So you see there are plenty of things in designing satisfactory canoe to cause you to put your considering cap on.

But it pays to take trouble over it. No one but he who has tried can tell the pleasure of stepping aboard a neat little craft built by himself and with all stress snugly stowed away and the bright sunlight glinting on the water dropping down with the sun, free for the next week or two to go where his fancy takes him, and when night comes on just turn in, snug and warm, protected by the canoe from all wet and draught, and dream of the next run on the morrow.

There is certainly a great charm about canoeing. You are absolute master and free to do as you like, you have a comfortable home to live in with neither rates nor taxes to pay, and that alone is saying a good deal. And then there is the advantage of constant change of scene, while at the same time you have your home comforts around you with no trouble of seeking night's lodging on arriving at a strange place. But then, as I said before, to do this comfortably you require a canoe suitable for the work. Last season I designed and built one that met all my requirements, turned out a great success and has been admired by all who have seen her. Thinking many of my readers would like to build a little boat of their own, I will give you the lines and explain how you can build a similar one.

It is not only those living on the river's side or by the seacoast to whom a canoe is of use owing to their small size and portability. They can be kept by anyone residing in a town, where in a loft or back garden they take up but little space and can be carted about, whenever desired, at a trifling expense.

And now for some of the details of this canoe. First, the total cost for material amounted to only £2.2s (£2.10p) and it ought to be made at even a lower price still in some parts where wood is cheap, but even if you pay as much as I did, it is not a very extravagant outlay for so handy a boat.

Her length, for reasons given before, as well as on account of available space in which to build her, was limited to 12'6" overall, with a beam of 2'6" for stability.

Amidships her floor is as flat as possible so that her draught with crew aboard is only about 4", enabling her to float comfortably on a moderately "heavy dew," as the Americans say.

She has an open well, brought to a point at the forward end, to sit in, and the rest is decked over, with a small hatch aft for stowage of stores, etc.

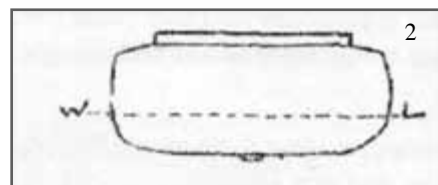
This locker is formed by a solid bulkhead which also gives extra strength to the ship, and she has another one forward with a clear space of 7' between them in which to lie down, and with her beam of 2'6" you have rather more space than is generally obtained in the sleeping bunks of an ocean steamer, so you see there is plenty of room for comfort. My first idea was to build her of canvas, but all the canvas canoes I had seen showed their ribs in a very uncomfortable fashion, which cannot be prevented as no matter how neatly you stretch the canvas, the hollow space between the ribs will sink in, and there is another drawback to a simple canvas skin and that is the danger of getting it punctured by sharp stones, etc.

So, although it adds slightly to the weight, I settled to build it of thin wood, carvel, that is, placing the planks edge to edge to form a smooth, even surface and then to give her a canvas skin outside all, just to keep her watertight as a carvel boat built of such thin wood is very difficult to keep tight without it.

This plan also saves a lot of time in fitting the planks as, so long as they are moderately close together and present a smooth, even surface outside, it is all you need trouble about. Therefore, there is no occasion for you to be an expert boat builder or to have any more than an ordinary knowledge of carpentry, to build this canoe successfully.

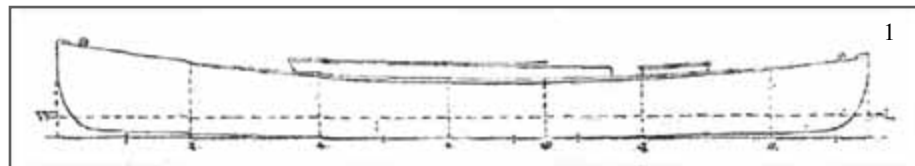
In designing a canoe of this kind, the great thing is to have a total absence of all concave lines in the outline of the shadows, or sections, you build on, as it is naturally impossible to stretch the canvas tightly over a concavity without it being away from the surface of the wood.

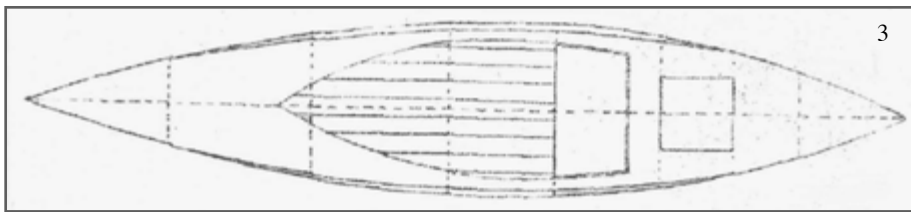
This is very important and requires great care in designing and you will see that every section of the canoe we are now building has a flat or convex surface line from the keel to the gunwale, without any hollow space, so that the canvas fits tightly against the wood.



Of course, as I am giving you the lines to copy from, you will have no difficulty about the designing portion, as the lines are drawn to scale, and you have simply to enlarge the sections to the full size to work on; but I have mentioned about the convexity of the sections, as I wish to draw our attention to the importance of this principle in all canvas skinned boats.

And now for the working lines. These I originally drew to a scale of 2" to 1' but, of course, they have had to be reduced for these and you must enlarge them to the full size to

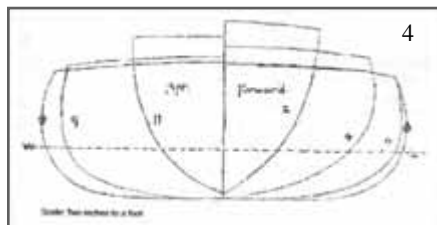




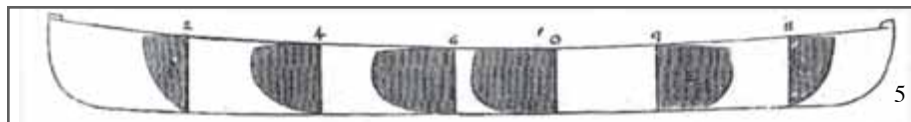
work from. Fig 1 is a sheer plan, or side view, giving the depth, length, shape of ends, also sheer of gunwale and keel, drawn to 2" scale.

The section of greatest beam is shown at Fig 2 and is placed 7'6" from stem head; the floor is as flat as possible to give stability and light draught of water, and by being placed well aft it comes to the right place to support your weight when paddling and so keeps the canoe on an even keel and not tipped up at one end.

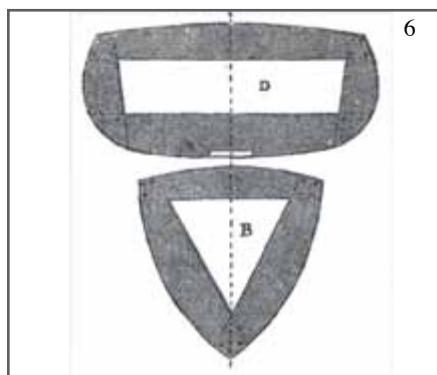
Fig 3 shows the outline of canoe looking on top, and as it "batters in" an inch on each side, the inner line is the deck plan.



The half breadth plan (Fig 4) shows the shape of the shadows, or sections, to build on; one side are half of the forward sections and the others the after ones scale 2" to 1' for clearness. I am not intending that you should be troubled now about boat designing, as that is rather away from our purpose, and therefore I have omitted the buttock and water lines, as you might get "mixed up" slightly on the subject with such small drawings had you studied the art of boat designing before.



So I will endeavor to make it as clear as possible for you, and therefore I have shown the shadows (half of each) in position on the central line they are to occupy, in Fig 5, and if you want a nice, shaped boat, you should use at least six of them, as shown, to build on. With the exception of those marked A and E, they are only for temporary use and may be made of any rough wood such as old boxes, etc., of about 1/2" to 3/4" thick, and build them up as in Fig 6 at B, D, which shows one of the forward sections and amidships ditto; fasten them firmly together at each corner with wire nails, and clench them on the other side.



You should first cut the full-sized patterns out in paper, then lay each on the wood and mark round with a lead pencil, keeping the vertical line perfectly central, and then cut the wood out to shape with a keyhole saw.

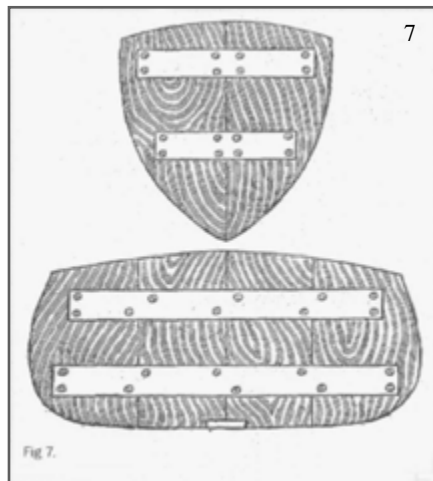
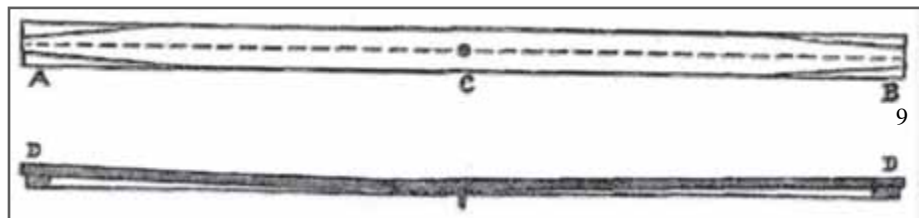
In the event of anyone finding difficulty in drawing the sections correctly to the right shape from these small diagrams, I have arranged that they can procure a set cut out in paper to the full size of each section at a merely nominal price for postage, etc., by writing to Messrs Jackson & Co, of 303 High Street, Brentford.

I may also mention that they sell a very powerful little oil stove, which I have tried and can strongly recommend for cooking purposes when camping out.

I have tried many oil stoves at different times, all more or less failures and sources of discomfort, smoking and flaring up, or going out and doing anything but giving heat.

This stove, costing 17s.6d. (88p) has several advantages over all others; it has no wick to burn out or get clogged but converts ordinary paraffin oil into gas, which burns with a clear flame, giving off intense heat, free from all smoke or smell, will boil a quart of water in four minutes and is very economical as a pint of oil lasts for about three hours' constant use, which is equal to several days' cooking for the lone voyager.

It is certainly the most powerful stove I have ever had, and I speak about it now



as the importance of having a reliable stove is very great and adds to one's comfort to a large extent; this one is suitable for a canoe as it takes up but little space and no soot or black is formed on the cooking gear. And now, after this little digression, we will return to the canoe building.

I made the sections A and E (Fig 5) solid and built up as in Fig. 7, as I intended them to remain permanently as bulkheads, and would advise you to do the same as they add to the strength and stiffness of the canoe considerably. The other shadows are removed after it is planked up and you have a few ribs in to keep it in shape.

Draw the central dotted line on each shadow as a guide for fastening them vertically, and a shallow slot about half an inch deep is cut at the bottom to admit the keel and allow the section to come down to its place, as in Figs 6 and 7. These being ready, you must get the wood for keel, skin, etc.

For the keel I bought a 12'1" x 11" pine board and cut a 2" strip off it the whole length, and the rest of the board came in useful for stem and stern posts, deck beams, etc.

In planking up a boat, the usual way is to cut each plank according to the sheer of the previous one laid on, beginning at the garboard streak and working upwards; but as that method runs into a lot of waste wood, I ordered four 15' pine boards, 11" x 3/8" thick, to be cut up into strips 1 3/8" wide, and this, with the keel, cost about 15s (75p). This was of pine, perfectly free from all knots.

And now you must settle where you can build her, as once the frame is set up she should not be moved until planked and the ribs are in position or you might get her twisted out of shape. It is surprising the amount of room even so small a boat requires to build it in, as it is necessary to get around both ends. I built this one on the floor of a large kitchen; but wherever you set it up, it



should be kept dry while building, so if you work in the open garden, have a tarpaulin ready to cover it at night or, better still, raise a temporary roof over it by nailing the tarpaulin over a light wood frame.

With the exception of copper tacks to fasten the canvas on her, she was put together entirely with screws. I used a Gay and Parson's patent screwdriver, which has a ratchet motion and saves a good deal of time in putting the larger screws in. It has a stud in the handle (Fig 8) by which you can set it for driving or withdrawing a screw, but I found that for the small 1/2" screws it was too heavy, so I used a large flat bradawl instead; but as there are nearly 1,700 of these smaller screws, it would have saved time had I been able to use it on them.

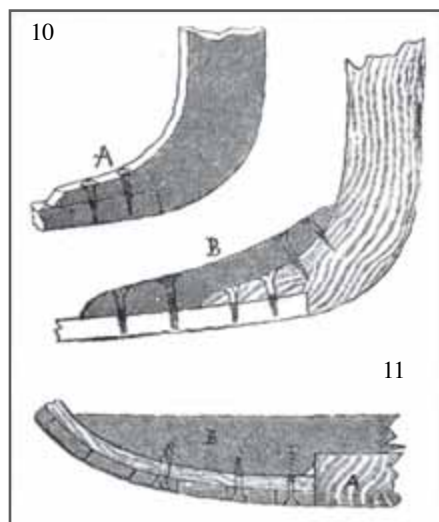
Now we are on the subject of screws, I should mention that brass make the best job,

but add very considerably to the expense, and for the various parts you will require some 2", 1 1/2" and 1/2" for the planking up. The keel strip having been planed on both edges, draw a line down the centre and cut off a triangular piece at each end on either side, at A, B, (Fig 9), leaving it about one inch wide at the extreme ends, and then fasten it down to the floor or plank on which you intend building it by a screw placed centrally at C.

You will see from the sheer plan that the keel is not quite flat, but rises towards the ends 1", so take a block of wood of that thickness, as at D, D, Fig 9, and place under the ends, which will give the required curve.

Then mark out on the pine plank the stem and stern posts and cut them out, leaving plenty to lap over the extreme end of keel, into which they are screwed as in A (Fig 10).

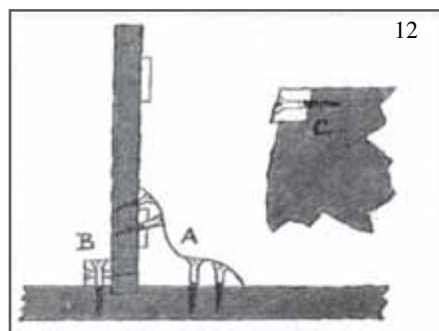
Great care must be taken in placing these quite vertical and upright, fixing them in that position by means of struts nailed on either side, also see that they are truly in line with one another and the upper portion should be left longer than depth on plan to allow for nailing on the supports, and can then be cut off and trimmed to shape after the canoe is planked and ribbed. A knee of hard wood is necessary to further strengthen the stem and stern posts as at 8, and should fit exactly.



Now, across the central dotted line on keel mark the position for each shadow and cut the notch or slot, as mentioned before, so that when planked up, the keel and planking come level, as in the section (Fig 11), where A is the keel, B the shadow and B the planking.

The end ones will not require this as the keel has to be planed away until it is in a line with the skin, but that is done afterwards.

The sections must be quite vertical and should be kept so by a long batten nailed across the stem and stern. They must also be at right angles with the keel or the canoe will



be all askew and not steer straight. A nail on either side temporarily driven into the keel will hold them in position.

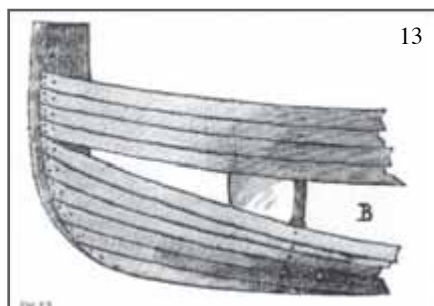
The solid bulkheads A, E (Fig 5) should have knees screwed on to the outer sides, as at A (Fig 12), with another small one inside at B, and these are also firmly screwed to the keel.

Take care over this and get them all correctly placed, and when they are in position, you can proceed with the gunwale strips.

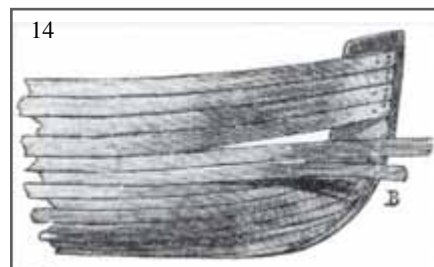
For these you will want a couple of pieces, 1" square and long enough to reach from end to end of canoe. Cut a corner piece 5/8" deep out of each section so that when the planking is on it lies level with the gunwale, as at C; then put a screw into each shadow, which keeps all firmly in place and gives the correct sheer to the gunwale, and the ends are cut off at a bevel and screwed to the stem and stern posts.

You can now commence the planking up and the interesting part of the work now begins, as the form of the canoe commences to show itself gradually as each plank is fastened on.

Commence with the top streak next to the gunwale and fasten on with a screw in each shadow (not put in tightly, as these must all come out again) when the shadows are removed, cut the ends off at the correct bevel and screw firmly to stem and stern with a couple of screws in each end; also screw firmly into the solid bulkheads A, E (Fig 5). Bring the ends within about 3/4" of the edge of posts, as at A (Fig 13) and screw on about four lengths on each side, and then go on with the garboard streak each side of the keel and work upwards, letting the strips lie as much as possible in a natural manner without forcing them.



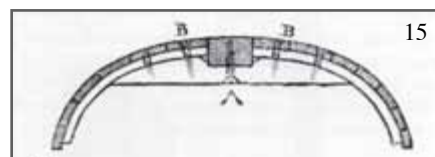
This will leave the middle portion open, as at B, and then work downwards again and fill up this space, leaving the ends sticking out roughly, as at B in Fig 14, which can be sawn off and fitted in when you come to put the ribs in place.



I used the remainder of the same wood for the ribs, bending them in fore and aft easily, and putting a screw in from the outside through each plank zigzag fashion to prevent splitting the wood; but the midship ribs had to be steamed to bend them to the curve, and I found that simply soaking them for a few minutes in a pail of boiling water was quite sufficient for this thin wood. Space the ribs about 8" apart and put in extra ones wherever you think it necessary, and a diagonal rib

will hold a good many of the ends of the midship planks. When all are in place, withdraw the screws from one shadow at a time, and remove it carefully, and some will require a little humouring, or perhaps you may find it necessary to saw them in half and, when removed, screw on a rib in its place through the same holes, and then proceed with the next shadow, until you have only the two bulkheads remaining.

The canoe is now in shape, but before moving it, screw in some floor timbers to strengthen the bottom and to hold the sides and keel together, as in Fig 15 at A. They should be cut to fit closely over the keel, to which they are fastened by a screw, and other screws are put in from the inside, as at B.



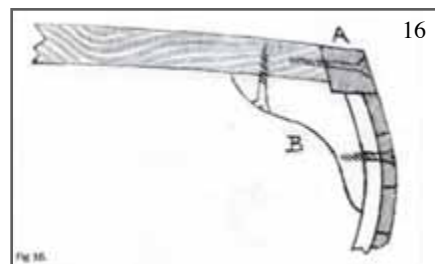
When all are in place, you can remove the canoe from its supports, turn it over and plane off those portions of the keel both fore and aft which project beyond the skin until it forms one smooth, continuous surface everywhere, and the stem and stern posts can be cut off and trimmed to shape, thinning down the cutwater until only 1/2" thick.

You should have a floor timber at every rib and the points of the small screws, which will be found to project in all directions inside the canoe, should now be cut off flush with the wood by a strong pair of flat ended cutting pliers.

The deck beams are the next thing, but before decking it over give the inside a coat or two of white lead and oil, as once the deck is on you cannot get to the extreme ends to paint it inside.

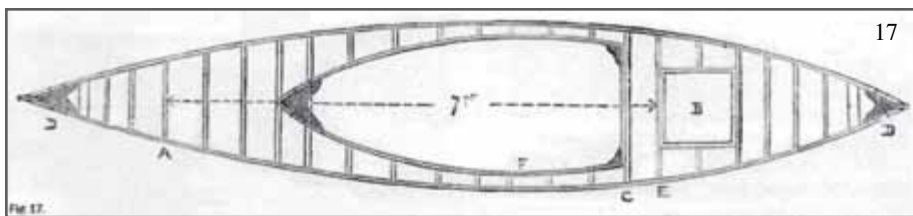
If you look at the sheer plan (Fig 1) and cross sections, you will see that the deck is not flat, but curved, being highest in the middle to throw the water off, and the shape of the top of sections gives the correct curve for beams. They are 3/4" thick by 1" deep and are spaced over the ribs.

A screw at each end placed through the gunwale, as at A (Fig 16) holds them in place but they must be further secured by a knee B, screwed on as shown and cut to fit accurately.

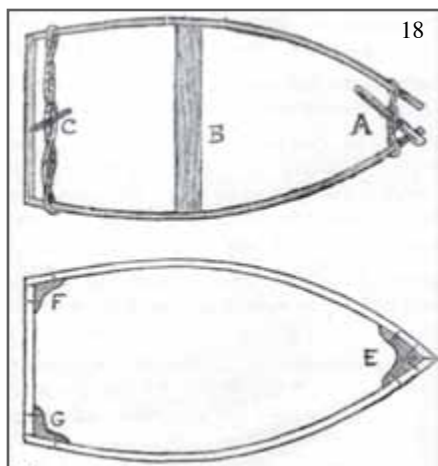


The position of these is shown in Fig 17. Put three in front of the forward bulkhead A, E is the after one and B is a small hatch, 1' square outside measurement made of 2" x 3/4" stuff and screwed on to the side of bulkhead and next beam, three beams finish aft.

The knees D, D, are cut out of hard wood and screwed firmly in from the outside and strengthen the canoe very much. The deck beam C, forward of the bulkhead, should be rather stronger than the rest say 1" wide and 1 1/2" deep, as you lean against it, and it takes the strain in lifting her.

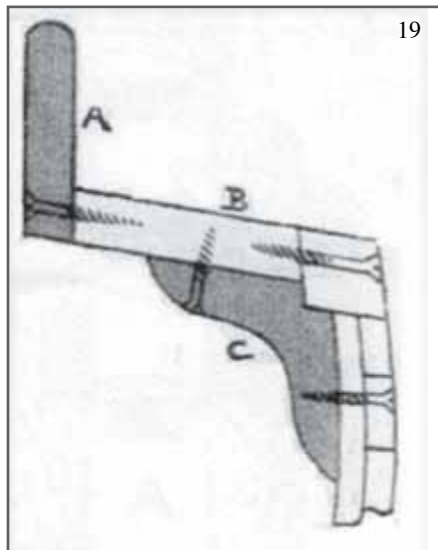


The open space, or well, is surrounded by a coaming 3" deep. Take a couple of strips 5' 1-1/2" long, and 1 1/2" thick of pine or mahogany and another piece the same depth, but 21" long for the back, and screw the ends of longer pieces into this, then tie it round with rope or twine at C to take the strain while you bend them into the form shown in Fig 18, by means of the rope and stick generally known as the Spanish windlass, at A. The wood stretcher simply keeps the sides apart and should be rather wider than the back, say 1".



Fasten, then, securely by three hardwood pieces E, F, G; and also screw a third strip of copper on outside the corners. The coaming can now be placed on the canoe and fastened by a couple of screws to the deck beam C, and to the forward beams, also.

The short side deck beams are fixed as shown in Fig 19, A being the coaming, B the deck beam, and C a knee underneath; and fastened in this manner it makes a strong deck to lift the canoe by.



After giving these a coat of paint, we can deck it in all over with the exception of well and hatch, with 1/8" deal 3 1/2" wide, and

you can paint this wood on each side as you lay it on; also give her a coat of paint all over outside her skin.

While it is drying, make a floor of the same thin wood to tread on and just large enough to cover the floor timbers in well, on which it should rest. Cross pieces of the same wood will hold it together and, although thin, it will be sufficiently strong to lift in and out when required, and this should also be painted.

The canvas skin comes next. This should be moderately stout, evenly wove sailcloth, 26" wide, and you will want 11 yards of it. Mine cost 9d. per yard. It takes about that length to allow for shrinkage. A pound of 1/2" copper tacks, costing 1s. (5p) will also be required, and a wide nosed pair of pliers for gripping the canvas when you stretch it over the wood will be useful.

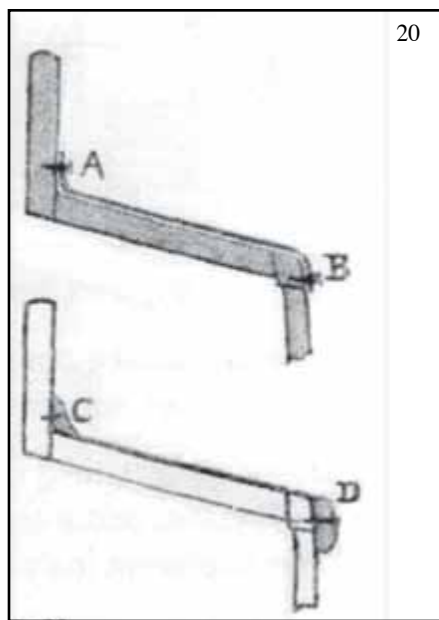
Turn the canoe keel upwards and, after cutting the canvas in two, dip it in water or damp it and lay on one side at a time.

Commence amidships and work fore and aft, stretching all creases out as you go on, spacing the tacks 1/2" apart and nailing only along the top of gunwale and keel and down stem and stern posts.

This design of canoe, if carefully built and canvassed, need have no crease or fold but should present a nice, smooth, even skin.

When one side is done, cut off the triangular pieces fore and aft that overlap the keel and then proceed with the other side in like manner.

The deck can be covered in with a thinner material, such as unbleached calico, stretched tightly across and tacked round over the gunwale edge and up against the sides of hatchway and coaming of well, as in A, B (Fig 20). The edge of material at A is then covered by a neat little moulding tacked on, while an extra gunwale streak D, 1" deep by 3/8" thick, is screwed on all round from stem to stern and hides all nails and gives a good finish.



A large sized brass eye is screwed in on deck near stem and stern for the painter to be secured to, and she is then ready for a coat of "boiled oil."

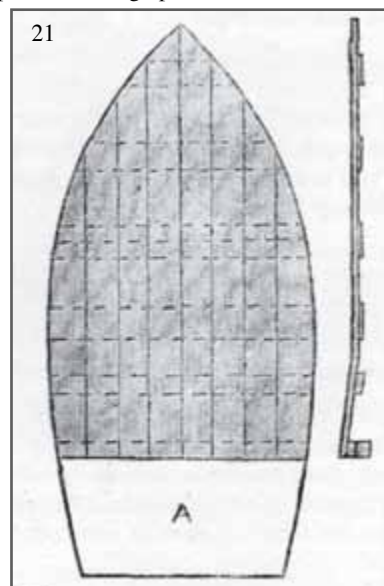
If the canoe has got dry by this time, damp it again slightly and rub in the oil well with a brush and allow it to thoroughly dry before giving it another coat, and when the second is quite hard, paint it whatever colour you prefer.

A keel of hard wood 3/4" thick and 1" wide is now screwed on outside and tapered off fore and aft.

The stem and stern are finished off by strips of stout sheet copper 1 1/4" wide, bent round and screwed in place; these strips should extend right over the stem and stern posts and be long enough to enclose the ends of extra keel so that they cannot catch against anything as you go along.

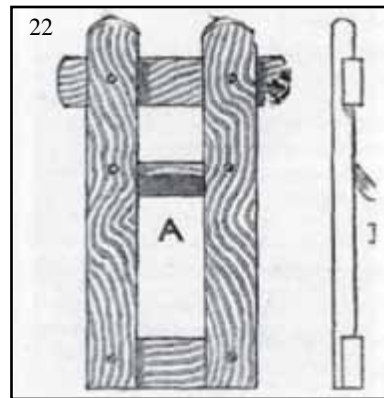
A square lid for the hatch, about 1/4" wider each way than the hatch itself, can be made of hard wood or covered with canvas.

I made a loose cover, or hatch, for the well of the canoe of the 3 1/2" deal screwed to cross beams, which came within a foot of the back of coaming as at A (Fig 21) just to allow space for sitting up in.



This should be covered with thin oiled canvas, leaving it sufficiently long to cover the space A as well so that, if left out in the wet, no rain can get below, and when paddling along it keeps all drips or spray from entering and you have the comfort of a perfectly dry ship.

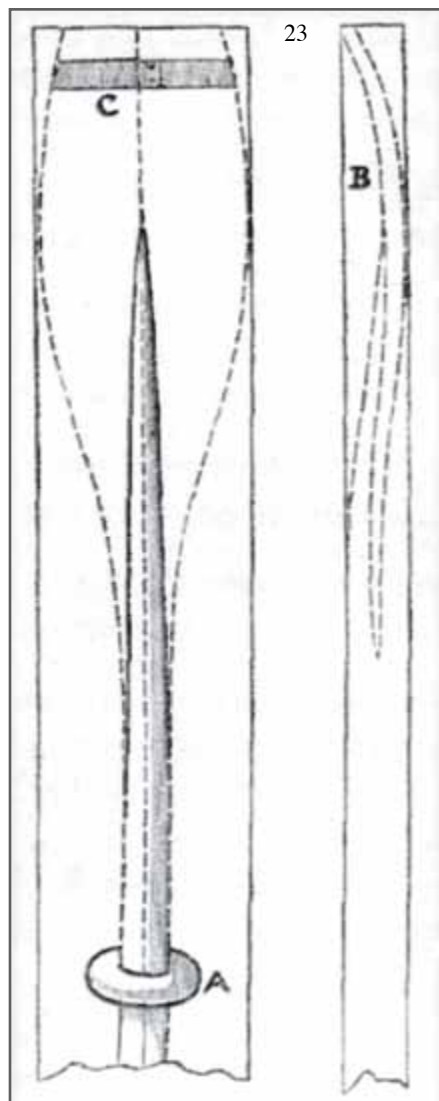
A backrest made of two pieces of deal 18" long and 2" wide and screwed to cross pieces 3" apart, as in Fig 22, forms a comfortable one.



It is supported on the edge of coaming by the projecting piece A, screwed on in a slanting manner, 11" from the bottom, as in side view B, and you will find this rest much better than a cushion, and with a cork stuffed seat 2" thick to sit on, is all that is necessary.

The paddle can be bought ready made for about 15s. or you can cut it out from a 2" spruce board to the shape of Fig 23.

It should be 8' long by 6 1/2" across the blades, which should have a slight curve; and a couple of rubber rings, A, are slipped on over the blades to prevent the water dripping down to your hands.



The curve of blades should be marked out on the edge of plank, as at B, and the waste wood sawn away and then trimmed up to shape by plane and gouge while a copper band, C, round the blade ends prevents them splitting up.

It is a good thing to get the paddle as light as you can without reducing its strength, and a wellmade one should not weigh more than three pounds or under two.

After sandpapering down smooth, a coat of varnish finishes it and a little varnish brushed over the canoe does no harm.

And now, having finished our little ship, it is ready for launching and I wish you all many a pleasant cruise, and know that whether floating on the smooth waters of the upper reaches of the river, with the water lilies and rushes bending aside beneath her stem as you paddle onward, or rushing wildly along on top of a following sea with the gulls and seamews swooping around, you will find her a comfortable and safe boat, fit for the constant change of work one meets with while in a traveling canoe.



Wind Rider Tango Debuts



Our new 10' Wind Rider Tango trimaran packs a whole lot of fun and simplicity into sailing. The WRTango is a sailboat which provides some of the attractions of a kayak, forward facing seating, foot pedal steering and low center of gravity. It is easy to sail, lightweight and stable to the point of being very hard, if not virtually impossible, to flip. It is easily beached with its kick-up rudder and 6" draft and is easy to paddle when the wind dies. The lightweight 70lb main hull makes it an easily car topped boat. With the outriggers and mast, it weighs only 120lbs so that one person can maneuver it around on the beach and into the water.

It is buoyant and stable with a beam of 10'6" fully extended. The simple sail control consists of one sheet and below the boom seating gives full panoramic viewing. The WRTango has been sailed in gusts of 25mph+, its carbon fiber windsurfer type mast enables enjoying the thrill of the ride without capsizing. Beginners, even little kids, can learn to sail in light winds, and soon feel very confident of their developing skills.

There is no center or dagger board, the outriggers are asymmetrical and angular allowing the boat to go to weather pretty well and still enjoy surfing conditions downwind. The roto-molded polyethylene hull and outriggers are rugged and low maintenance. Drag them over rocks and beach and run them into a dock, it won't matter.

The seat is molded and adjusts to two locations. This will accommodate an adult up to 6'5" to a six-year old child, adjusting both the seat and foot pedals to accommodate to their height.

WRTango is the "kid brother" to the larger WR16 and WR17 model of trimarans we manufacture in Minneapolis, Minnesota. For further information, go to our website at www.windrider.com/windridertango.

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CAPT. HAROLD A. BURNHAM
DESIGNER, SAWYER, SHIPWRIGHT,
AND SAILMAKER

WindRider Tango Specifications

Length: 10'11"/3.3m
Beam: 10' 6"/3.2m
Weight (Total): 120lbs/54.4kg
Weight (Main Hull): 70 lbs/31.8 kg
Mast Height: 19'5.8 m
Total Sail Area: 52sf/4.8sm
Draft (Rudder Up): 6"/15cm
Draft (Rudder Down): 16"/40cm
Capacity: 250lbs/114kg



Trying a Puddle Duck

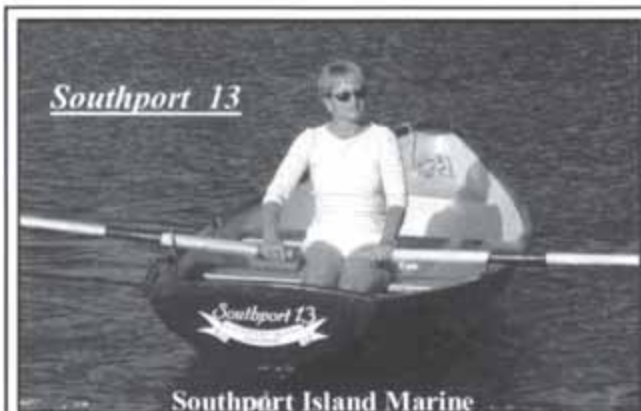
By Dave Lucas

I take back every bad thought I ever had about these little cement mixer box boats. We finally had some wind so Stan put it in. Shocked is an understatement, we couldn't believe how well this thing went. Even though it had its small sail up it moved right along, balanced perfectly, would spin around in its own length and I could stand up in it. And the drink cups are right at hand.

Stan has the "Australian" deck on his (it curves out over the sides) 'cause it looks cool. It tracked straight with very little lee-way. He's thinking about cutting out a bunch of panels so we can make um fast and easy. Imagine all us Tiki Hut guys out in the bay with a snoot load of rum and water balloons. Check out their site here: <http://pdracer.com>.



Southport Island Marine
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Skiffs are flat-bottomed small boats, usually not much than 16' long. Such boats appeared as soon as it became possible to obtain cheap, long, wide boards from sawmills since their sides were often just one wide board. Skiffs were originally made to be rowed or sailed. They eventually evolved into boats that could carry an outboard motor in the early years of the 20th century. Few designers bothered with them, for they were ubiquitous in any port or along any body of water.

In the hands of a capable and artistic designer, however, the common skiff can become a real thing of functional beauty. The Seattle-based designer Edwin Monk was just such an individual.

The design for this little boat appears in Monk's first book, *Small Boat Building*, which was published in 1934. Monk's purpose was to "present to the amateur boat builder a wide variety of small boat designs and a clear explanation of small boat construction in general," and in this he succeeded admirably. While Monk's book has been reprinted (most recently by Dover Press), we must admit we are partial to our original, timeworn copy, which resides in the School's library just as often as it can be found out on the shop floor.

Upon close examination you'll see that Monk's little boat is quite unobtrusively sophisticated. "The lowly skiff," Monk writes in the chapter entitled "Two Skiffs," "might well be called the universal boat. Its simple and inexpensive construction is its strong point... The two shown are from a proven model, easy to 'pull' (row), and a good rough water craft, as skiffs go."



A 12' Monk skiff in the boat shop.

We like Monk's skiff. It is a traditional Pacific Northwest design from a designer with very deep roots in our beautiful corner of the world. It features a gently curved stem, a raked transom and flared sides that sweep "just so" from bow to stern. These are beautiful, shapely little boats that take up little room, carry a surprising amount of weight and, as Monk suggested, are easy to row as well as stable and dry. They're made to be used.

We like this design so much that we consider the 12' skiff one of our stock designs and build the boats in our Beginning Boatbuilding classes taught between October and December each year. These are the very first boats our students build. After we loft these boats with our students, we like to build these boats with mahogany or sapele stems and transoms and plank them with red cedar or port orford cedar planking. A dory lap between the side planks is simple and strong and gives our students an opportunity to make that fundamental joint on a boat. Floorboards are usually red cedar, as are the thwarts.



The Monk Skiff

From Pete Leenhouts
NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding



Monk-designed skiffs are beautiful boats.

We include a set of correctly proportioned spruce oars with each boat, made as well by the students in the Beginning Boatbuilding class.



Spruce oars, correctly proportioned and leathered, come with the Monk Skiff. They are light and a joy to use.

We've also made a few slight modifications to the way Monk suggested building the boat. We did so because most of the boats we build to this design will live on trailers, not in the water as they did in times past.

We occasionally use epoxy where needed to demonstrate the use of this versatile material to our students. We screw the frames to the sides instead of using galvanized nails, we half-lap the frames at the joint between the bottom of the frame and the floor of the boat and we use hardwood or marine plywood frame braces instead of galvanized metal clips. We also like to rivet the planking, though we've clench nailed it as Monk suggested as well. While we usually plank the bottom fore and aft and then caulk it, we've crossplanked and caulked our boats in the past and, infrequently, have used marine plywood for the bottom.



Interior of a riveted Monk Skiff built at the Boat School.

An exterior paint or oil finish and an oiled interior, finishes meant to sustain use over time and be easy to renew, complete a boat that is simply eye catching.

No matter which way this boat is built, and there are several ways to do it, the Monk Skiff is a good looking, functional boat that helps us to teach our students basic boat building skills as well as standards and methods of work.

(The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding is accredited by the US-based Accrediting Commission of Career Schools and Colleges (ACCSC) to grant: Diplomas in nine-month Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft or Contemporary Wooden Boatbuilding; Associate Degrees of Occupational Studies in 12-month Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft or Contemporary Wooden Boatbuilding.

For more information, please visit www.nwboatschool.org, and join us via Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/NWBoatSchool>

Sailmaking and Rigging Class

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding in Port Hadlock Washington is accepting applications for the 2012 Sailmaking and Rigging class to be taught January 9 through March 23, 2012. Application forms may be found on the School's website at www.nwboatschool.org. Financial assistance may be available to qualified applicants.

Master Sailmaker Sean Rankins of Northwest Sails will teach the class and will be assisted by other professional sailmakers and riggers. Sean has well over 30 years of experience as a sailmaker.

The class is oriented towards those beginning students interested in the traditional crafts of sailmaking and rigging and is suitable for individuals interested in working professionally in those fields as well as for those wanting to work knowledgeably on their own vessels. Both traditional and contemporary sailmaking and rigging will be taught.

Interested? Contact us at: The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding 42 N Water St, Port Hadlock WA 98339 360-385-4948.

A solid understanding of sailmaking and rigging skills is essential for sailors.





Machine skill fundamentals are important to sailmakers.

Canvaswork is an essential part of work in a sail loft and aboard ship.



Rigging work in the Boat School Sail Loft.



Sailmaking skills development takes practice.

Topsail Schooner *Adventuress* off Seattle. (Photo by Zach Simonson-Bond, Sound Experience)



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The International Scene

US crude oil imports in the year's first half fell to the lowest monthly average (8.8 million barrels per day) since 2000.

Traditionally, this is the busiest time of year for container ships but rates are down 9.3% since April due to the lessened demand for consumer goods for the back-to-school and holiday seasons. Last year at this time rates surged 56%.

DNV, one of the major classification societies, sponsored a summer study by students who concluded that major advances in technology, improved standards and increased Arctic research are needed. About 25% of the world's undiscovered petroleum resources are in the Arctic (the contradiction inherent in that word "undiscovered" bothers me).

What happened to the surface oil slick from that massive Gulf of Mexico spill more than a year ago? A report revealed that microbes residing within the surface oil slick ate the oil five times more effectively than microbes outside the slick. Not only that, but the wee beasties did not seem to require much in the way of necessary nutrients such as nitrogen and phosphorus, elements scarce in the spilled oil. In addition, the microbes' respiration produced carbon dioxide and energy but they did not seem to use the energy, certainly not for replication! Scientists are puzzled but it's reassuring when unexpected friends show up to help us humans.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: In India, traditionally inefficient and lax Mumbai officials have stopped fooling around! They arrested the master and chief engineer of the *Rak Carrier* after the coal carrying bulkier sank some 20 miles offshore because "they were directly responsible for the vessel" and pollution from its bunkers was feared. There was a spill, but that is not news in that part of the world. In reaction to the sinking the Gujarat Maritime Board, a state authority responsible for 1,600km of coastline and several ports including Mumbai, banned all ships over 25 years of age.

A floating drydock capsized and sank, reported Suez Canal authorities, adding that the two vessels in the dry dock had been raised.

In Thailand's Udom Harbour, the freighter *Unison Vego* was trying to anchor when its engine stopped. Momentum carried the vessel into the moored *Ocean Tower*, which slowly sank. It carried heavy machinery and some was salvaged as the ship settled lower and lower but most went under.

Ships ran aground: Near St Just (it's in Cornwall, UK), the container ship *Karin Schepers* ran onto the beach east of the Pendeen lighthouse but freed itself before a rescue helicopter arrived.

Ships ran into things: The 3,225dw freighter *Salmo* managed to hit the quay at Brake in the Lower Saxony region of Germany. The master was fined 1000 euros and the vessel was detained during an investigation (wordplay about a possible cause of the accident and port's name is permissible).

In southern Philippines waters the *Bulk Carrier I* (probably a bulk carrier) sank after being in violent contact with the *HS Puccini*. Two engineers of the bulkier died when trapped below.

On the Rhine River travel was messed up for some time. A gravel carrying barge sank between St. Goar and Bingen and that blocked the river. Then a second aggregate carrying barge ran aground near Trechting-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

hausen, luckily outside of shipping lanes. A third barge, this one carrying ethanol, drifted out of the channel while waiting for the first barge to be removed and it too went aground.

People died: While near Port Georgetown (this Port Georgetown may be in Guyana), a crewmember on the car carrier *Global Leader* died when a rescue boat collapsed onto him. Another man was seriously hurt.

Ships and sometimes people needed help: Six hundred miles south of New Zealand the Australian owned, New Zealand chartered fishing vessel *Janas*, long lining for the Patagonian toothfish, had engine problems. Emergency repairs failed so the Australian icebreaker *Aurora Australis* came to the rescue. It towed the FV to remote Macquarie Island where better repairs were made in the lee of the island. Then a female crewperson on the icebreaker had severe stomach pains so two New Zealand based helicopters flew out nearly 500km and got the woman to the Dunedin Hospital for a probable appendectomy.

Ships had fires and explosion: At the Black Sea port of Constantza, the bulkier *FGM Europe* caught fire while under repair. The bridge and accommodations took a beating.

Offbeat things happened: A SWAT team of police boarded the product tanker *Al Mah-boobah* off the Portuguese coast after the master radioed that his crew had mutinied and threatened to kill him. The SWAT team took the ship into Lisbon to sort out what had happened.

The LPG tanker *DP Proteus* lost its propeller off Vietnam and started drifting toward a reef. The local Vietnamese tug *Phu My 03* was dispatched, as was the deep sea tug *Pacific Hickory* from Singapore, and the similar-sized tanker *DP Azalea* was chartered to stand by. The *Phu My 03* was towing the vessel clear of the reef when the *Pacific Hickory* arrived and took over. The tow headed for Shanghai, but entry there was denied (perhaps due to the tanker's dangerous cargo) and so the tow headed for South Korea. All to replace a lost propeller! The *Pacific Hickory* is one of my favorite tugs. Formerly the *Irving Miami* and based in eastern Canada, the big Dominican flagged tug pops up in almost any part of the world, almost always towing some large object.

Gray Fleets

The Australian Navy, unfortunately, managed to keep itself in the headlines. A RHIB overturned while transferring personnel from the patrol boat *HMAS Maitland* to the frigate *HMAS Darwin* and five members of the Defense Force Remuneration Tribunal needed hospitalization.

And sex reared its ugly head once again on the supply ship *HMAS Success* when a female crewmember claimed she had been ambushed in a storeroom and sexually assaulted. She reported the incident to Navy officials and then went ashore and told Sydney police. The assault came only months after a report had revealed existence of a predatory culture of sexual misconduct fueled by alcohol and drugs on the same ship.

Canada had its own share of naval problems. The submarine *HMCS Cornerbrook* struck the bottom while on an advanced submarine officer training exercise. It was Canada's only operational submarine (of four) at the time. Repairs to sister sub *HMCS Windsor* in 2010 alone cost almost three times the budgeted Can\$17 million, bad hull welds, broken torpedo tubes, a faulty rudder and acoustical tiles that kept falling off. And the Navy also spent thousands trying to keep pigeons from roosting on the long idled sub.

A female officer will command a Royal Navy warship for the first time. Promoted to Commander, she will take command of the frigate *HMS Portland* next April after commanding the mine hunters *HMS Pembroke*, *HMS Ramsey* and *HMS Penzance*.

The Chinese Navy's first aircraft carrier, formerly the Soviet carrier *Varyag*, went to sea for a short trial. Unlike the practice in the US Navy where an aircraft carrier's skipper is never an aviator, the first commanding officer of the yet as unnamed carrier is Li Xiaoyan, a top rated naval flyer. Elsewhere in China, the former Soviet carrier *Kiev* is nearing completion as a luxury hotel that is expected to open later this year. Progress is at the internal decorations stage. Pre-hotel, the carrier, moored at a theme park, was rated as attraction 33 of 158 attractions in or near Tianjin.

The US Navy has asked industry to come up with a large unmanned submarine able to operate in the open sea or in coastal waters and harbors on missions lasting more than 70 days. The missions, of course, involve gathering intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance. This LDUUV (Large Displacement Unmanned Underwater Vehicle) would be pier launched and recovered ("door to door" as it were) and would perform over the horizon sensor missions in coastal waters and harbors.

The program has two phases. In the first, hardware and software must be developed for missions lasting up to 30 days at depths from 100' to 400'. The Navy may provide a UUV prototype.

In the second phase, missions would last more than 70 days without human interaction. The UUV must avoid all vessels in the area, detect stationary and moving objects and avoid them, detect and identify surface vessels and their intent and avoid all kinds of fishing nets and gear including monofilament lines and twine nets. The program may take five years.

A company press release announced that the US Navy had lifted the veil of secrecy from its *Ghost*. It is a super cavitating combination aircraft/boat that flies through an artificial underwater gaseous environment with 900 times less friction than water. The stealth craft was built at no cost to the government and the company expects it will have a great impact in many nautical matters.

White Fleets

Bookings during the upcoming Rugby World Cup competition in New Zealand are disappointing operators of several cruise ships. For example, the *Rhapsody of the Seas* has resorted to selling half-price tickets (to New Zealand residents only) that combine accommodations, meals, entertainment and a voyage around the North Island between matches.

At Key West, while trying to dock, the *Carnival Fantasy* managed to bump moored fleet-mate *Carnival Imagination*. Cosmetic damage only. Since one ship was immobile it was, strictly speaking, an allision not a collision.

One doesn't think of large waves on the Volga River but the river system does incorporate large lakes in many places. And it was large waves that reportedly caused the multi-decked river cruise ship *Bulgaria* to sink in 66' of water. That cost 122 people (including 28 children) their lives in Russia's worst maritime disaster since 1986. When the vessel was raised, investigators surmised that one engine may have failed because the steering wheel was found to be turned hard right and one engine had been asked to deliver full power.

The accident had immediate repercussions. A criminal case was launched against the captains of the freighters Dunaysky 6 and Arbat for failing to take part in the rescue. A checkup of cruise ships found out that 90% failed to meet basic safety requirements and so 23 vessels were banned from operating as passenger ships, and prosecutors initiated 66 administrative cases against vessel owners.

Top of Form

Only three weeks later, and infuriating Russian bureaucracy at the highest levels about the shocking state of that nation's standards of maritime safety, the excursion boat *Lastochka* (*Swallow*) ran into a moored barge on the Moscow River. The collision killed nine parties. The operator, who was also killed, had been fined three times this year for operating an overloaded vessel.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The British Columbia ferry *Burrard Beaver* struck the dock at Vancouver. The ferry was a half boat length away when it lost power and steering and then veered to starboard and slammed into the dock. A nearby tug was able to get the ferry to its berth and there were no injuries to the 215 passengers.

The Turkish ferry *Ishan Alyanak* sank at Izmir after the vessel struck the pier. The ferry, with 250 passengers aboard, was approaching the pier when the rudder failed, resulting in the collision. There may have been some panic on board but everyone reached the pier safely. A report stated that a fire in the stern section may have led to the rudder failure.

In New Zealand the Marlborough Sounds ferry *Straitsman* had to stop and anchor for a couple of hours while repairs were made to a fuel pump. The 50 passengers on board may have enjoyed the pause and it is certain that the freight and vehicles didn't care either way.

In India's Goa region, the ferry on the Kirianpani/Aronda route broke down so hundreds of marketgoers had to use a motorized canoe carrying only 10 to 13 at a time.

In the Philippines, the ro-ro/pax ferry *Asia Malaysia* sank off Calabasa Island after cargo shifted to one side in high winds and waves. All 107 passengers and 44 crewmembers were saved. The government promptly suspended all operations by the ferry owners' vessels.

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, a ferry carrying at least 200 passengers on the Tshuapa River sank after colliding with a wooden cargo vessel. Both craft were operating without lights and the cargo boat was not allowed to operate at night. At least 80 died.

Nature

The Russians have two Arctic white beluga whales in captivity somewhere and wanted them to become used to humans swimming with them. One problem was that the whales shied away from contact with white diving suits so a 36-year-old Rus-

sian woman scientist named Natalie Davis Senke volunteered for the familiarization job. Naked, the yoga expert dove into water just above freezing and stayed under for up to ten minutes, thanks to her practice of doing rigorous meditation and breath control exercises. The whales seemed to enjoy her company as she swam among them.

The operator of the Great Lake's last steam powered ferry, the *Badger*, asked officials in Michigan and Wisconsin to support its plea for an additional five year exemption from the federal ban on dumping coal ash into Lake Michigan. The company is exploring the use of compressed natural gas.

Metal Bashing

Progress is being made in the UK on construction of two large aircraft carriers. The *AMT Trader*, one of the world's largest barges, carried a 9,000 ton section of the future *Queen Elizabeth* from a Glasgow area shipyard at Govan around Scotland to the Edinburgh area yard at Rosyth, where it will be mated with other sections as they arrive or are constructed. For those interested in comparisons, that single chunk is heavier than one of the Royal Navy's new Type 45 destroyers.

A report surmised that amalgamating the naval shipbuilding programs of Germany and France could create the biggest industrial partnership since armament giant EADS was formed in 2000. The thinking was that Thyssen/Krupp, Germany's largest steelmaker, would combine nicely with France's naval shipyard DCNS. But Thyssen/Krupp Marine Systems quickly squelched the idea, stating that it is not planning a joint venture with the French shipyards group, nor are there any plans for a merger or other partnership or alliance with French shipyards. Thyssen/Krupp recently cancelled a deal with Abu Dhabi MAR to set up a joint venture to sell naval surface ships to the Middle East and North Africa, blaming changes in the political landscape.

Owners of supertankers have been torn between making some money in these hard times by scrapping their older tankers or keeping them in service although rates have dropped so low that some owners are effectively paying clients \$1,037 dollars a day.

The over-aged (built in 1974) product tanker *Phoenix* was slowly making its way towards a scrapping yard in India when its engine failed and it anchored somewhere off South Africa. Authorities, fearful of a possible pollution event, got a promise from the owner, reportedly a Lagos firm, to send a tug but it never appeared and subsequent phone calls were not answered. That meant that no insurance was available if anything happened so authorities prepared for a judicial sale. As expected, bad weather did arrive and the tanker's anchor rode snapped. The deep sea tug *Smit Amandla*, one of the largest tugs in the world, attempted to connect a towline to pull the *Phoenix* to deeper water, but weather conditions made this impossible. Pushed by waves, the vessel struck bottom some 200 meters from the shore near Christmas Bay, north of Durban. Helicopters airlifted all 15 of the Indian crew to safety. Three attempts to tow the 538' ship off the rocky beach failed and work shifted to removing the oil on board.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Thinking of Libya and Gaddafi, rebels and oil probably come to mind. The Libyan tanker *Cartagena* belonging to a government owned tanker company was anchored

on Hurd's Bank just outside of Malta's territorial waters when a rebel manned tugboat approached and captured the tanker and its cargo of 70,000 tonnes of gasoline. A Maltese Armed Forces patrol boat was nearby but took no action. Back in March, rebels similarly captured another Libyan-owned tanker.

Odd Bit

Many Viking ships succumbed to the cruelties of a sea voyage (witness the folk song "Sir Patrick Spens" and its "half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour lies guid Sir Patrick Spens wi' the Scotch lairds at his feet". Yes, I know he was a Scot but he was sailing on a mission to his king's liege lord in Norway and I suspect his vessel was Viking-like). Replicas of Viking ships also sink. The 2009 built Norwegian longship *Dragens Vinge* (as might be expected, that translates as *the wing of the dragon*) went under 50 miles east of Shetland. But its sailors had advantages their ancestors lacked. Modern technology, in the form of an EPIRB, lifeboats, helicopters and a life raft, helped save the seven pseudo-Vikings. Weather at the time was Force 7 to Gale Force 8. Replicas of Viking ships are surprisingly common. An entry in Wikipedia lists 33 and the list does not include the late *Dragens Vinge*.

In Australia two young buckos cavorted around on a jet ski until they chose to go around the backside of Flinders Island because a tugboat towing a big ship was blocking their way. They ran onto unseen rocks and were swept onto the island as their jet ski was washed off the rocks and out to sea. Luckily one man had grabbed his cell phone from a compartment on the jet ski. His call brought a rescue helicopter (the mobile was an iPhone in a watertight plastic bag).

When Osama bin Laden's body was flown out to the carrier *USS Carl Vinson*, officials wanted to make sure the body bag held the right body. The bag was unzipped and photos were taken but no ruler was available to measure the 6'4" corpse. So a 6' tall SEAL lay beside the corpse. Reports stated that the volunteer was about four inches shorter than he who had not volunteered.

Has anyone noticed that the first races of the America's Cup World Series are being held somewhere off Portugal? Does anyone care? For those that do care, there are eight boats from seven nations; the US, New Zealand, Sweden, China, South Korea, Italy and two from France. Next races in the Series will be held in the United Kingdom and then at San Francisco. Later venues are to be announced. Then comes the Louis Vuitton Cup series in 2013 to determine the challenger. It will race the defending champion, the US's *Oracle*, off Newport, Rhode Island, in 2013 to decide which nation will keep the Cup for a while.

Head Shaker

While racing off the Isle of Wight, the yacht *Atlanta of Chester* ignored multiple provisions of the Rules of the Road and an oncoming 869' large orange object. It bounced off the bulbous bow of the tanker *Hanne Knutsen* and then the tanker's port anchor hooked the yacht's hot pink spinnaker and that pulled down the yacht's mast as the yacht ground along the tanker's side. The yacht was the give way vessel but many have wryly noted that some yachties seem to feel that their racing always gives them precedence over any other vessel.

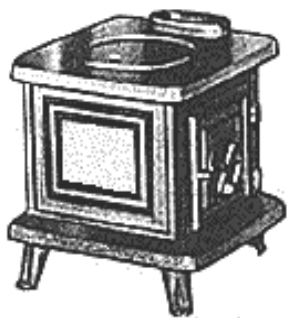
To show you how vast is the reach of our extended family of boat nuts, Irwin (Pop-I) Schuster wanted to know more about the funky rowboat) and so sent out a query. Back came a reply from Jeff Moates, Director of the Florida Public Archeology Network and noted know-it-all in matters of this kind (see following article), that he had gone to school with this guy's mother and he got a reply from Rahj Allen that his wife's sister was married to this guy's son, or something like that, it's a little fuzzy.

The point being that if you ever want to know something about a strange nautical thing, we can find someone who's been there, done that. This is a solution to the problem of a low boat with a high oarlock, never seen it.



And then along comes Texas Dan Smith, author and world expert on steam boats, floating and sunk, with this picture of the *Eagle* saying that it looks like something that would come from our shop. I can't even tell if this is the front or the back of this thing. We would've made a more distinct front, I think. Or maybe this is the origin of the bulbous bow.

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Our Extended Family of Boat Nuts

By Dave Lucas



Here's Jim's motorboat again. He was standing at the back when I took the picture and when we looked at it couldn't believe how big it is. What happened? A 30hp motor is supposed to push this thing?



Stan is almost finished with his PDR, he can roll it around on big wheels mounted to a board through his centerboard trunk, now if only we had some wind to try it out.



Crazy Steve is reluctant to actually work on a boat, it's too hot here, so he made a wood thing. He says it's a table top made from 1" rigid foam, glassed on both sides, covered with strips of maple and the gaps filled with black epoxy, anything to keep from grinding off old bottom paint, what a wuss.



We glassed Wally's melonseed yesterday. He gets here about 10am and happy hour starts at 3pm with time for lunch in there. It took him four days by himself to do the hull stripping, three days to sand it and we took an hour and a half to glass it with the first layer of 25oz cloth. Next will be a layer of 10oz cloth and then the inside. These boats are made to be indestructible, laugh at oyster bars or boat ramps.

There's a picture of me telling him that the epoxy is supposed to go on the boat and not on him. This is his first time doing this kind of thing but he's caught on really fast, knows to ignore me most of the time.



When I turned 55 some kind of wanderlust hit me, not necessarily about wandering around the country but trying something new and unconventional. I have owned a number of fairly traditional sailboats but it now seemed that I was ready for a change.

While wandering around the Denver Boat Show earlier this year, I spied an unusual boat which I thought might get me more time on the water, get me into and out of places some of my previously owned boats would have had a hard time with and would just be more fun. I might want to run a river, or go fishing at a lake running a trolling motor, or do some faster sailing than I'd been used to. Or, I might just rather paddle around or pedal around in my boat with a friend. But rather than give you some long list of its features, I thought I might be tell you about some of the adventures I've been on with it already, one of which was kind of scary.

I waited until the summer when I could go on a demo sail. What I mostly do is sail, so mainly I wanted to see how well this unusual looking boat would sail. I say unusual because it is a trimaran, a kayak with outriggers. It has a single mast that is roller-furled with no boom with the mainsheet also the outhaul. It is also a two-seater. It had been 30 years since I'd sailed a boat with outriggers so this was going to be interesting.

My demo sailing started off in very calm winds. I thought this would be all I would experience. But this was a lake very near the mountains in Colorado and before I knew it, a storm came in with thunder and lightning and wind. Boy was there wind. Just trying to get back to the ramp the boat raised an outrigger out of the water and sped across the lake sending up spray. It was the most exciting sailing I'd done in a long time. We furled the sail upon getting close to shore and used the pedals that operate what look like penguin flippers under the boat to get to the ramp. These are called Mirage Drives and they are a marvel of engineering. Both seats have these pedals available and when sailing we can set the pedals so both fins point straight down to give some added help to the centerboard. But they also can be positioned so that they are flat up against the hull for downwind sailing or beaching. Sail and rudder controls are fitted at both seats so crew and skipper can share tasks.

Trying Something New at 55

By John McNeely



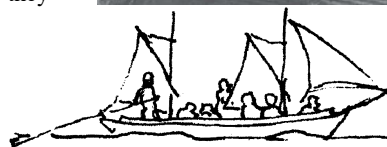
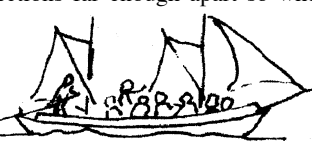
Subsequently I've also been fishing with this boat. Since the outriggers give it a beam of 10' (pretty wide for an 18½' boat, I was able to stand in the boat to fish without any concern about turning it over. I had built a mount to hold a trolling motor that could propel us along at full throttle at about 3½mph. I added an anchor trolley built for the boat that lets me change the angle of the boat to the anchor. The built-in fishing rod holders with shock cords to hold the rods in place gave me a place to store the rods while motoring out to our favorite fishing spot. We used this while fishing one day at the crack of dawn when the fish were biting. There is even room for a live well but we didn't have that yet. Later that morning when the fish began to go dormant on us, the wind came up. We put away our fishing poles and unfurled the sail and went sailing for a while.

We had a real scare when we went out with the trolling motor for the first time. I had extended the power cord of the motor and didn't do a good enough job of keeping the connections far enough apart so when they

got hot they wouldn't melt off the insulation and short themselves out. Nor had I fused the circuit. What a short that was. The Park Rangers saw smoke billowing out of my sailboat. After looking at us with binoculars, they saw the motor and figured something was up. My son and I were able to deal with the situation and made at high speed for shore by pedaling the drives as fast as we possibly could.

Fortunately we were only about 1,000' from shore. I had placed the deep cycle marine battery under the forward hatch whose cover is held on with shock cords. Besides giving off smoke, the insulation of the extended power cord was melting off the wires. I held the unmelted part underwater and got a small burn on the underside of my forearm for my trouble. Upon landing we opened the hatch cover to see the battery so hot that the posts had melted away. But the battery's handle was still in place. I reached in and yanked the battery out onto the sand beach. Incredibly no damage to the polyethylene boat except for a cosmetic stain.

I continue to get enormous pleasure from this boat. It is made by the Hobie Cat Company. It is called a Hobie Mirage Tandem Island. It was named 2010 Recreational Boat of the Year.



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I have made real progress searching for information on a Creole skiff. I have found the men who promoted the construction and spoken to the widow of the builder, Alex Giroir. His co-worker, Ray Sedotal, has also passed on but the boat and a few of the same type have been documented by University teams

Tracking a Cajun Car

By Irwin Schuster

in Louisiana. This one was escorted to France (after I saw her in Salem, Massachusetts) by

Roger Allen and a fellow named Tom Butler, to whom I have also spoken. Tom will be sending me plans from his small Traditional Maritime Museum in Lockport, Louisiana.

Sharon Sweeters at the Louisiana Folk Life Center, Dr Ray Brassieur/Anthropology and a couple others have restored my faith in collegiality and cooperation in the old boat game. Jeff linked me to the Lake Pontchartrain Basin MM, but no response as yet. One of these was digitally scanned to record her lines, same as was demonstrated at FLMM@C a couple of years ago.

The type was rooted in France apparently. Anyway she is some elegant, eh? I just love to see a pretty boat. Mazie Giroir said these boats were Cajun Cars (my words) when she was a girl. Can anybody explain why the fore and aft planked bottom is extended past the transom aft and a biddie bit to the sides?

"Past the transom aft" is a phrase sanctioned by the Department of Redundancy Department.



Exterior planking. Pete Winthrop with Paul Rollins

Work on the interior.



Gundalow Progress

September at Strawberry Banke
Photos by Ralph Morang

Paul Rollins and his crew of shipwrights have been busy at the Puddle Dock Shipyard making terrific progress daily. The new gundalow's bow and stern are fully planked and suddenly her shape is obvious. Joe Taylor, Nate Greeley and Paul Rollins have been steaming and fitting oak planks into place aiming for the September 28 Shutter Plank Party.

Volunteers Cliff, Dennis and Aaron have been working on the inside, fitting the hackmatack knees, deck beams and watertight bulkheads. We can hear Geno Scalzo's caulking mallet clearly as he fills the seams with cotton and oakum. Volunteer Jeff finished the leeboard and Alex, Russ, Pete and others have been helping with numerous projects. Peter Happny just delivered the skeg extension, a 500lb piece of steel that will be fitted to the skeg and will support the rudder post as well as protecting the skeg when we bottom out on the mudflats as gundalows do so well.

We encourage anyone interested in the gundalow project to come by to see what was a common sight for hundreds of years here but may be a once-in-a-lifetime chance today!



Boatbuilder Nate Greeley, of York, ME attended the two year apprentice program at the Rockport Apprenticeship in midcoast Maine in 1988. The Apprenticeship is one of the oldest traditional boat building schools in the country. Since completing the program, he has worked as an independent boat builder in the seacoast region of southern Maine and New Hampshire.

Exterior planking.



From the Director

Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

Summer at the Shop means a lot of working on our waterfront in Lermond Cove. We have's pretty good-sized fleet of boats to move on and off the water, moorings to manage and a dozen large floats that get hauled around, maintained and moved in and out of the water each season. In the past, we've been able to accomplish all this with our small fleet of chase boats and the generosity of friends with workboats.

This year, however, we realized that our workload had increased enough to demand that a dedicated work skiff be added to the fleet. We started looking at designs (there are plenty to choose from) but we found that almost all mid-size power skiffs are designed for plywood planking. On top of that, we couldn't find one that really met our needs.

Enter Mark Fitzgerald of Fitzgerald Marine Architecture. Fitzgerald has been drawing boats for over 32 years, having spent a majority of that time collaborating with Chuck Paine of Camden, Maine. Right away he embraced the spirit of our project and has been working to develop a totally traditional wooden work skiff. The AS 17 (as it's known in the design phase) can be built as a rugged, able workboat or as a fast planing commuter skiff. We intend to build the former, complete with a double-planked bottom, towing bit and a traditional bow fender.

As of today, apprentices are just starting to loft the lines and we hope to have the skiff done this winter to put her to good use come spring float-in.

From the Shop Floor

Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

With the start of a new building season, The Apprenticeshop has begun the restoration of a 21' John Alden-designed Indian Class sloop. This sailing dory one-design class per-

forms well in all sorts of conditions and has two potential sail plans; one for 196sf and one for 230sf, depending on the length of her boom and sailing conditions. She is pleasing to the eye and fast. Originally designed in the 1920s the boat was a favorite for club match racing until supplanted by high performance planing hulls.

The boat, named *Fagauwee* when donated in 2003, presents apprentices with an opportunity to do a thorough restoration to a historically significant boat. Both the level of work needed and the history of its design are important factors when we consider a restoration. After an initial assessment of the scope of the job, apprentices Drew Scott, Kit Macchi and Alex Roderick lofted the boat from the designer's original plans. The team has since stripped the hull of paint and varnish and, as is sometimes the case, they uncovered the boat's original name, *Monac-hunte*. According to the original owner, they changed the boat's name after a number of unsuccessful race seasons and thought that might help!

The sloop will launch on December 16. She'll then make her way overland to her new home and sail next year at Squantum Yacht Club in Quincy, Massachusetts.

In addition to this restoration, the Shop has three additional builds underway; a 12' Barnegat Bay duck boat, a 15' Maine Lighthouse Peapod restoration and a 17' work skiff. Updates will be posted on Facebook so check us out at <http://facebook.com/TheApprenticeshop>.

If you have an interest or know of any interested candidates for our boat building classes please give me a call at (207) 594-1800. Several slots are available for the fall 12-week internship program. Interns build a 12' Susan skiff and participate in all aspects of the shop.



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Pedal Power

Many readers may recall the appearances at the Small Boat Show in Newport of several types of pedal-powered boats. Gary Hoyt's WATERBUG is a very sophisticated ballasted craft that is offered in single seater enclosed or open versions and now in a multi-seat open version. It's a displacement hull and quite dry and stable. The semi-reclining position for the "powerplant" operator provides maximum ability to get leg muscle power into the pedals. Gary has had his craft at the Show the last two years freely offering tryouts to anyone walking up. It's pretty safe.

Another safe sort of pedalcraft is the double pontoon type with the pedaller (and sometimes a companion also) up on a truncated bike frame midway between the hulls. This is an amusement park sort of craft, not very fast but pretty stable in flat water on ponds. Pretty boring, too.

The most exciting of these pedalboats was the SEA SABER from California, a 21' hull very much like a rowing shell with a shorter outrigger pontoon. The designer and builder, Jon Knapp, entered it in the small boat race where it went head to head against a two-man racing shell. The nearly dead heat finish was spoiled by a fishing boat backing in front of the two boats, causing Knapp to swerve and tip over. Knapp's boat holds the absolute record for the 36 mile ocean race from Catalina Island to Marina del Rey, CA, 5 hours, 8 minutes, besting all sorts of oar powered and paddle powered boats. He's onto something for sure.

Jon Knapp's use of pedal power in a boat is a current application of getting the human leg muscles into full play powering vehicles on land, in the air and on the water. The Gossamer Albatross aircraft, first human powered aircraft to cross the English Channel, is

one manifestation. But, this is no new idea, just another time around for a bygone concept.

According to the SOUTHERN VETERAN CYCLE CLUB BULLETIN (a British pedalbike journal of bygone years) getting pedal power onto the water was very big in the 1890 heydays of watercycles. In a match on the Thames, three men on a triple watercycle covered 101 miles from Putney to Oxford in 19:27:50 while a triple crewed rowing scull took 22:0:28 to do the same route, about 2.5 hours longer! The English Channel was crossed by a tandem watercycle, Dover to Calais, in 7:15. A six-place watercycle reached a speed of 15 mph on the Seine, powered by a team of women. "Hydrocycles" manufactured by L.A. Moulton of Michigan were advertised as being capable of 10 mph. In all these instances from nearly 100 years ago, the pedal craft were easily faster than the best oar powered efforts in similar circumstances.

So the SABER isn't a new notion, but an update of an old one with modern design concepts utilized. The key to the speed is not only the long narrow hull, but the propeller designed for maximum thrust at relatively low rpm as compared to motor driven propellers.

The SABER isn't something a "boat" person can really love, though, it's more appealing to the serious bicycle addict without preconceptions about what makes a "proper" boat. Knapp and his partner, Tom Higgins, have come up with a couple of alternatives to cater to this circumstance. One is a rather more conventional looking boat, WHISTLE. The second is a pedal power kit one can install into a variety of small conventional



watercraft.

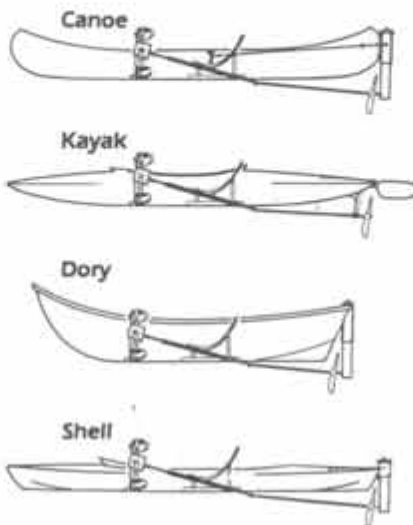
WHISTLE is a 14' open boat with ample freeboard, something one could envision being rowed. Within it sits a seat and pedal crank drive unit. The latter drives a prop shaft to one of those high-efficiency, low rpm props mounted onto a rudder that can slide vertically, allowing the boat to be beached with the rudder and prop and shaft all rising up from the bottom as it is touched. The shaft has a universal joint to permit this. The 15" prop on WHISTLE is a bit smaller and "lower geared" than the 18" racing prop on SEA SABER, intended for easy poodling about with ease and quiet, whilst looking where one is going.

The drive unit designed for WHISTLE is adaptable to canoe, kayak, shell or dory type hulls, and so Saber Craft markets it as a unit for the home modifier. It's a \$350 setup, but you get what you need (no seat nor rudder due to the differences in the types of hulls it will adapt to). SEA SABER and WHISTLE are currently priced at \$1,795 ready to go.

Saber Craft is at 1501 West Dry Creek, Healdsburg, CA 95448, (707) 431-7063, if you'd like to inquire into their boats further..

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Sea Saber

Sea Saber is the culmination of 6 years of intensive research and development. Our unique pedal / prop drive system reflects the latest in human powered technology applied to hydrodynamics.

This propulsion system is mounted on a sleek, 21' hull, built with an impact resistant synthetic foam core sandwiched between 2 layers of high quality 5-ply. A 1" propion, built with undirectional glass and 3-glass is mounted to the hull by an aluminum cross tube to provide stability. This prop configuration provides the lightest, sleekest boat possible.

Sea Saber holds the fastest record (time 5:00) for any boat in the 35 mile race from Calverton to Montauk Bay (world's longest open water race). She places 1st overall in nearly every race entered, including dozens of 2-4 hour round trips, kayaks, etc. In fact, at the Cross Sound Race, Sea Saber placed 1st overall in a fleet of 200 boats of all types.

Sea Saber is not designed for just racing, it is easily adapted to any speed whether the conditions are calm or not. In a pedal craft, the operator faces forward so you can see where you're going. Your racing experience has shown this to be a great advantage over rowing. Steering is accomplished by continuous movement under the seat. Perhaps the most exhilarating feature is her uncanny ability to ride waves when turning with the wind. Against wind and waves her large 18" hull turning properties help give direction.

U-Joint
• Provides joint to help strengthen propeller shaft, increasing its resistance to snap off. Also acts as a pivot point to allow propeller rotation in afloat.



Gear Box
• Fixed to one side giving
• Insulated steel gears
• Lightweight gear housing
• Self bearings
• Seamless casting with
• aluminum motor and pedals.



Rudder (4-piece)
• Detachable, with sleeve and bushing.

Hull length: 21'
Hull beam: 37"
Propeller length: 18"
Propeller beam: 4"
Overall length: 49"
Overall weight: 1000lb



Seat
• Made of aluminum frame with no motor (detachable base).



Length: 49'
Beam max: 37"
Maximum weight: 1000lb
Total weight: 1000lb



• Clean efficient conversion from cross Saber to position.

Propeller
• Racing Prop - 18" diameter fiberglass racing prop, used on Sea Saber
• Leisure Prop - 15" diameter power prop, good for dinghies, dories, kayaks, etc.

Whistle

Whistle is a handsome, sleek, efficient boat for multi-purpose use. She uses the same gearing as Sea Saber but with a specially designed 15" propeller propeller. The rudder is mounted on the transom to allow the rudder, shaft and propeller to be down-up for beaching or rowing.

Whistle is built with the same high quality fiberglass, the undirectional and 5-glass material used in Sea Saber, but they are stronger than conventional glass and reduce weight, and consume less material in Sea Saber.

The result is the lightest, lightest 14' boat around. Whistle can't be beat for quiet sailing, sleek turning or just for the fun of boating and exercise. Your hands are generally free (rudder can be left as is, and will not move) to handle gear or rest an upper while you move through the water quickly, easily. Your entire boat is with gear and passengers. Whistle will work for conventional canoes and rowboats. Like Sea Saber, Whistle also has an uncanny ability to ride waves when turning with a wave. When strong head winds discourage sailing or rowing, Whistle is out there chugging merrily along. Whistle can be ordered as a canoe, sailing boat, rowboat, or the perfect outboard (with or without the pedal propulsion system).



Wally's Nutshell ashore.

An Assortment of Small Boats for You

By Dave Lucas

Here's an assortment of small boats for you. Mark from California is building this cool looking boat.

Curtis from St Augustine sent me these pictures of Doug's Pen 14 before it was Doug's. It has some pretty good woodwork.

The main feature here is this Bolger powerboat. I know, it's still slab sided and flat bottom but it's also only the second one of Bolger's designs that I've seen that's not totally comical. It is a Tennessee, a long skinny (30'x6') power launch that Roger down in the Florida Keys owns. Goes fast with low power, floats in no water (which is what they have there) and is light enough to keep on a trailer and can be built in a month for about nothing. A practical shallow water boat.

Wally finished his 9' Nutshell pram complete with Tyvek sail. I took it out for a spin and give it a thumbs up. With just me aboard it was stable, lively, pretty fast and responsive and would turn in its own length. I love this lugsail, it will take a perfect shape easily.



Wally's Nutshell under sail, thumbs up!




Mark's cool looking boat.



Doug's Pen 14 before it was his.



Two Tennessees, not totally comical.



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This madness all started when I saw a small 8' Puddle Duck Racer being sailed by Dave Sanborn during the 2010 Sail Oklahoma Messabout and Puddle Duck Races on Lake Eufaula in Oklahoma.

Dave was sailing along, facing forward and sitting on a comfortable seat with a nice backrest! Perhaps the fact that my old tired back was hurting influenced me, but then and there I decided that that's the way I wanted to sail my newly built Puddle Duck sailboat *Duck Bill* in the future.

I learned that Dave was using a push-pull type of tiller that allowed him to sit facing forward and control the rudder by pushing or pulling a tiller like extension that rested near his right hand.



Dave sailing.

Dave was very helpful in answering my many questions about how well his system worked. He did stress that it took a little while getting used to the push-pull tiller, but he felt that I could master the push-pull system without any major problems. Little did Dave know how dumb I really was!

However, I copied Dave's push-pull tiller arm the best that I could and ended up with this setup.



Push-pull tiller arm.

However, the idea of a front tiller did appeal to me. I always sail solo so the loss of space wouldn't bother me, and with a front tiller I could have a nice sofa type sitting arrangement! Ah! I could envision myself sailing along with a cold drink in one hand, enjoying the nice view as I sat on a soft cushion, leaning back on a padded backrest!

After a bit of thought and a crude drawing or two, I ordered six each Swivel Shackle blocks (RL-205) and six each Stamped Stainless Pad Eyes (SD-081103) from Duckworks.

Front Tiller on a Small Sailboat

By Bill Nolen
Oklahoma City
BGN5731@aol.com
<http://www.wwpotterowners.com>

Then I went sailing to try out the new tiller system. I will spare you the sad details, but people said it wasn't a pretty sight seeing a fat old man sailing in circles because he couldn't grasp the concept of when to push and when to pull! After about 30 minutes of this nonsense I held the nub of the rudder head and returned to shore! I tip my cap to the ability of Dave Sanborn to sail with such a system!

Someone in jest suggested that I needed a tiller mounted to the front of my small Puddle Duck Racer (PDR). Others suggested a steering wheel, but really now, a steering wheel on an 8' sailboat?

While waiting for the Duckworks order to arrive I made the wooden items I thought I would need:

A front tiller arm.

A mounting block to install on the PDR's foredeck, to which the tiller's swivel block would be mounted.

A tiller swivel block to which the tiller arm would be attached.

The foredeck mounting block was made from scrap 1/2" plywood, and a scrap piece of maple.



Mounting block.

The mounting block was attached to the PDR's foredeck with screws and epoxy.



Mounting block installed.

Once the mounting block was installed I attached the swivel block to the mounting block with a 1/4" bolt. This bolt allows the swivel block and the front tiller arm to turn

right and left. As a bearing I used a short piece of 3/4" copper tubing epoxied into place.

As you can see in the swivel block photo, I added two eye screws to which the tiller control lines would be attached. In addition, I added a small strap across the top of the swivel block to prevent the tiller arm from falling downward onto the PDR's cockpit floor.



Swivel block.



Swivel block and tiller attached to mounting block.

To try out the front tiller system I elected to leave the rear tiller in place and hook the front tiller's control lines to it. I installed a single eye screw 7" from the rudder's pintle's center point, which is the same distance utilized in mounting the front tiller eye screws. Later I will make a much shorter rear tiller attachment out of the discarded push-pull tiller!

I then mounted six 1/2" swivel blocks, two at each stern corner and one each on the port and starboard sides of the PDR's air compartments using the stainless pad eyes I got from Duckworks. To help maintain tension on the control lines, I used two springs at the rear tiller attachment point.

Prior to mounting the swivel blocks, I attached reinforcement plywood panels to the sides of *Duck Bill's* air compartments. I used sheet rock anchor screws to ensure that the pressure from the control lines wouldn't pull the fastenings from the thin side plywood.

Stern control lines-close up





Bow control lines and block.



Bow front tiller.

Top view.

Stern control lines and blocks.

I first rigged the control lines so that the front tiller's movement was such that when I pushed the tiller to port the rudder would move the boat to port. But then I changed the rigging so that the tiller movement was similar to the tiller used on the old three-wheeled golf carts.



Now, if I push the tiller to port (clockwise) the rudder will turn the boat to starboard. The tiller could more easily be rigged to do the opposite; push the tiller to port (counterclockwise) and the rudder would turn the boat to port. The counterclockwise movement seems more natural to me.



To give the control line some small measure of protection, I ran it through short pieces of 1/2" ID electrical PVC pipe.

Shortly after completing the installation I took *Duck Bill* to Lake Hefner in Oklahoma City to test the front tiller. Arriving early in the morning to beat the Oklahoma July heat, I met a sailing friend, Brad Hickman, who assisted me in getting the boat launched.

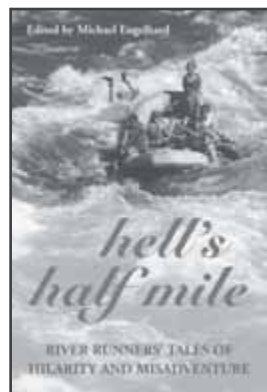
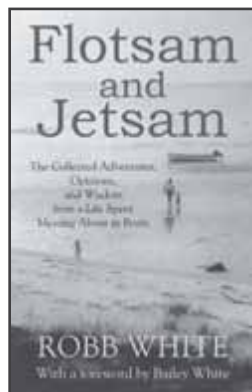
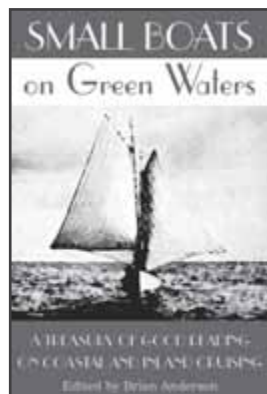
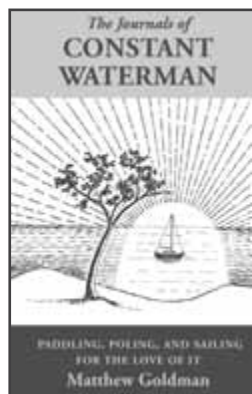
Launching from the small sailboat beach, it took only a minute or two to get used to the front tiller and sail out into the body of Lake Hefner.



Bill Nolen sailing with front tiller.

I'm quite pleased with the front tiller. It was quite easy to become accustomed to using it. Now, my next project is to find some soft material to pad my sliding folding seat and backrest!

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CANARD

...bow steering that works!

Over in the eel grass beside the Story's marine railway was one of those Phil Bolger boats, looked a lot like SURF or similar instant boat concepts. But she had a sort of centerboard slot up there in the foredeck. And, a couple of cleats athwart the foredeck with slots in them. And another sort of centerboard slot in the rear deck.

"Say, Brad, let's take her out for a few minutes, got the time?" Bolger corralled builder Brad Story. Brad sort of checked out the nearby ongoing celebrations at the conclusion of the launching of LIZA D and nodded agreement. The designer and the builder pushed the light, flat bottomed outfit across the slippery grass to the river's edge, and in moments the rig was up, jib headed sail set on a wishbone boom. "Brad wanted to show me he could make a wishbone boom," Bolger confided just beforehand.

The little craft picked up on the fluky winds eddying around the narrow river beneath the Story Yard, beside the Essex causeway, near the Essex River bridge, adjacent to jammed marinas. She accelerated downriver, then came hard about and off again, Bolger on the sheet, Story on the tiller.

Funny thing about that, Brad was up front in the cockpit, with what looked like a pair of wheelbarrow handles in his hands. They were attached to a cross yoke which was attached to a rudder that pivoted through a sort of centerboard section that had been dropped down into that foredeck slot. "This one's #4 in the bow-steering experiment," Bolger had mentioned before they went out. "It seems to be working OK now."

Indeed it was. If you watched closely as Bolger tacked hard, you'd note that

it was the bow that suddenly swung about not the stern. The boat was driving like a car. Bolger was hot-dogging it a bit turning by the float, coming in real tight before giving her the hard about, Brad shoving the appropriate tiller handle ahead. I guess one man could operate this steering setup but he might be busy in tight quarters.

In the slot in the rear deck, a deep fin shaped skeg had been set, with a trim tab on its trailing edge that could be set with a stubby tiller in a comb. So here we were seeing with our own eyes the handy maneuverability of a boat that steered up front with a centerboard that was more of a skeg at the rear.

Reprinted from MAIB
August 1, 1983



Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

"This one's up for sale pretty soon Bolger had mentioned. "I've gone about as far as I want to with this whole notion."

"Does she have a name?" we inquired.

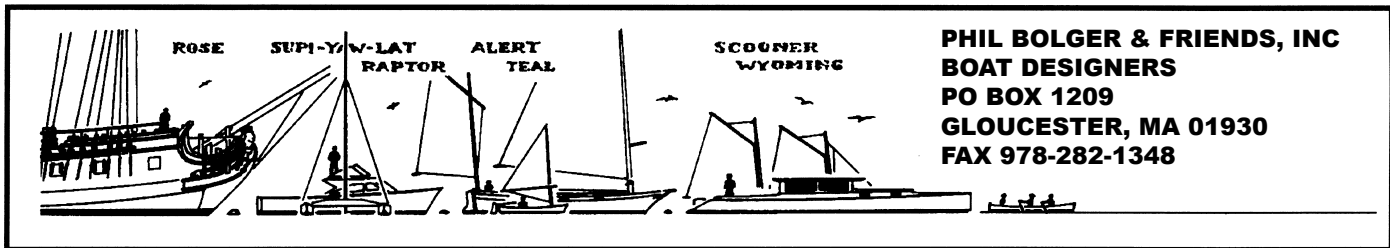
"CANARD," replied her creator with one of his just-barely-a-grin grins. Indeed. A check in our Webster revealed the following, exact definition:

CANARD: An extravagant or absurd report or story SET AFLOAT to delude the public.

Phil Bolger strikes again. Bow steering! Crazy. Yet, it works. Interested? Phil says he wants to sell her. Contact him at 250 Washington St. Gloucester, MA 01930.

Left: Brad, Phil and friend slide CANARD to water. Right: Bolger installs the rear mounted daggerboard with trim tab.



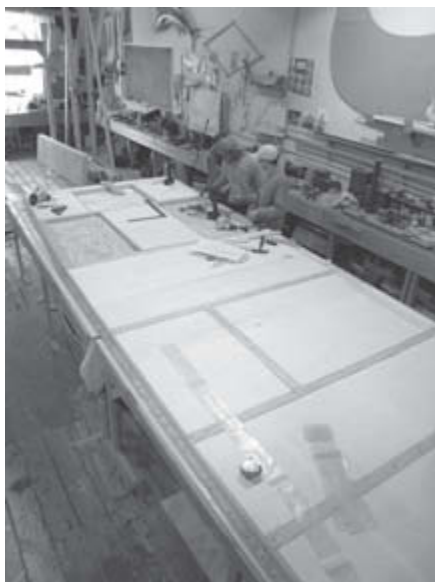


Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Planning the use of available shop space is serious business. What might seem a logical sequence of boat construction might not match the available shop space when the time comes. The unexpected component to be built first, referred to in the last installment, would be the sprawling flat roof lamination. At 18' x 6' it needed to get done and stowed on its edge before other long and narrow and then wider panels could be assembled such as topsides and hull bottom. Consisting of some 64 small and large plywood and foam pieces, this was a good lesson in cutting to precision, repeatedly, and then installing them. There were deck beam laminations, perimeter framing and localized reinforcements, all to match what would come to grow underneath that roof structure.

"SACPAS-3" (LCP) Design #681: 38'10" x 7'6" x 12" x 200hp Third in a Series of Articles

Fiberglassing this large area and then painting it on both sides would be another important exercise for more demanding pieces to come. On its own terms actually quite complex, this structure would have to withstand the inevitable jump of someone onto it from a high pier or ship. Between the beams, foam in between and plywood top and bottom, the potentially horrific bear-trap scenario had to be avoided, with a foot and leg breaking through a flimsier structure and getting caught, with major blood vessels bleeding life out of the individual before rescue via fast and yet careful sawing would be possible.



Once the first layer was assembled via "Payson Joints" (see *MAIB* July '11, Vol 29, #3, pp.46-48), supports were erected to match both required curvature and twist. With this first layer draped over these, the second layer could be added via 50/50 overlaps and ample application of temporary drywall screws to snug the pieces down during curing of the epoxy.



Once surfaced with glass and paint, the topsides were lifted off the supports and stowed upright along the legs of the two large gantries, secured with padding and 2"x4"s screwed to the legs.



In parallel, smaller and then larger bulkheads and frames were cut and epoxy and glass coated (depending) with, again, space suddenly at a premium. There were times when all tables and much of the floor were covered in curing and drying pieces. (Pictures #3 and #4)

There was be a steady back-and-forth between surfacing including painting of those, and later other, pieces and building the large hull panels. Moving tables and components was periodically required. Laying out the full length one piece topsides panels for instance, required more than half of the available floor space.



This cleared the room to build the largest, heaviest, and in many ways, most demanding assembly, the hull bottom plate. Using the same approach as for the topsides the bottom soon emerged.



It was a good day to see the vee nose skins geometry confirmed in 3D. Over the years we've had problems with some of these due to their peculiar geometric dictates. That whole volume was filled with hard and liquid foam. The option of using that volume for stowage or ergonomics was not pursued on this hull.



Then it was time to laminate in the substantial chine logs. We used strips of plywood to build up this structure without risking deformation of the bottom assembly by forcing in solid wood pieces of equal section. There would be no non-plywood/solid wood anywhere in this boat.



Over the forward 20'+ of the curved bottom plate, a vee nose spine and five sets of frames were set up. Note the work on her house sides on the tables to the right.



Between lots of ingenious temporary supports and bracing, all supported by the trusty capabilities of the two large gantries, we could not resist setting up a dry fit session to see her even better yet.



Glassed and painted, with a rubber soft nose installed over her stem face, we carefully planned and very slowly executed the lifting and turning over of this upside down hull bottom assembly. Again the gantries were indispensable to lift and rotate that load with full control and least injury potential.



With the roof retrieved via the gantries and suspended to allow a mockup of her large bulkheads and frames, we'd be able to study her emerging structure in 1/1 scale. Lots to understand and compare with the design. As noted earlier, the assembly sequence would not necessarily follow a desktop logical pace. A thorough 3D understanding typically goes a long way towards avoiding painful episodes of intense and good work but done at the wrong time, if not also at the wrong spot.

More to come!



Various events have resulted in my being down to one registration for all my various trailers. Well, I do have a plate on the car trailer but that might raise some questions in a pinch. Here in Colorado we have a constitutional amendment that prohibits tax increases without an okay from a simple majority of the voters. This brings up the question of "What is a tax?" Well, a fee is not a tax. Some genius under the dome in Denver devised a fee that only targets the personal failure of the...is there a technical term for a fee payer (feeble, feeble, feeble)? We now have a late fee for vehicle registration, 25 bucks a month, \$100 max. I got nicked the whole \$100 on the truck, so wasn't about to go that route for a trailer.

A new trailer at the Harbor Freight parking lot sale caught my eye. Hundred eighty bucks less a 20% coupon and a hundred bucks from the gov got me a \$44 trailer. Beat the system! Well, we aren't on the road yet. It's a dandy little trailer with 12" wheels, but a woefully short tongue. It was the work of a short afternoon to assemble the trailer, save the tongue and the wiring. First supply run I bought some square tubing, but after extended contemplation thought better of it. I went for a piece of 3"x 2" that I hoped would fit, but of course it was a wee bit too small. Slitting the four corners allowed me to hammer the Chinese channel well into the tube. It welded up like a factory mold.

The original section went on the car end so the new tube had to be welded to the trailer frame. I ran it all the way under and left enough sticking out the rear to add a trailer hitch, as is common in these parts.

Some years ago I bought a Hobart mig welder, thinking I might make up some aluminum, stainless and bronze fittings. It never did much except fix tricycles, until one day I needed to build a mold frame here

Toujours Trailer Troubles Et Tribulations

By Jim Thayer



at the house, and no 220v outlet except in the laundry room, pretty much out of reach. I was delighted to find that the little wire will build up a nice bead.

Any do-it-yourselfer worthy of the name must have a welder. I had thought I needed a stick welder, but this wire rig will handle most any job I might have, and it runs off a 110v circuit. While I was at it, I got an instant on helmet, which transforms the experience. I do have to leave it in the sun to charge up before I use it.

Now about the lights! You knew this was coming! I recently put a new converter in the Tracker (Suzuki) because evidently a short had fried one of the turn signal electro gizmos. Getting on toward sundown, the running lights worked fine. Lights off, key on, left turn on, check trailer. Oops, both lights are on steady and the blinking is barely perceptible. How could the turn signal turn on both lights? I'll spare you all the head

scratching, profanity inventory and wire checking which ensued.

Because I live in the past, often the distant past, I had forgotten the little fellow who lives near the windshield and turns on the lights as dusk approaches. Still, since the flash is so weak compared to the running lights, I thought I might have reversed the stop and running lights. I took it all apart, checked everything and soldered all the connections. No change. Helpful hint time. Harbor Freight has a magnetic temporary trailer light rig which they sell for \$9.99. I keep one in each jitney. I can pull out the trailer lead, plug it into the truck, set it up where I can see it from the driver's seat and check that I am sending good signal to the trailer.

Disclaimer: I have no connection to Harbor Freight except as a customer. The store is about a mile from here, on the way to the shop, so I am a frequent visitor. I never go in without a freebie coupon and a 20% off coupon. I have to be alert because 20% off the shelf price is often less than the special coupon price. Most of their stuff is first rate and certainly worth the money. Their metal-lurgy is suspect. I'd avoid saw blades, drills, files and such.

So I'm on the road now? Ha! The nice lady at the DMV filled out some forms for me and made up a nice folder. Now I need to phone the State Patrol for an inspection appointment, then go back to DMV for a safe conduct pass which makes it legal for me to pull the trailer out to Fruita for an inspection. If I pass, I come back to DMV for a registration.

It's been well over a year since I bought the trailer, and there was such a hue and cry from the trailer guys that they knocked the late fee way down. It can still cost me a C-note for a car.

A Stowage Plan for a Sailing Boat

Consideration should be given to the disposition of the weights when stowing gear, as a boat is both more seaworthy and faster if the weight is kept amidships. The crew will probably be the heaviest of the movable items and should therefore sit in the middle of the boat; this may not leave much room for stowing the camping gear amidships, but at least keep as much as possible out of the ends of the boat, particularly heavy things such as the water can.

If it does become necessary to put any heavy gear in the ends, let it be in the stern rather than the bow because this will only slow the boat up and will improve her steering running in bad weather. In contrast, weight in the bow will make her wet to windward. Moreover, when running in a heavy sea, an overtaking wave may cause the stern to lift and the heavy bow to dig in. The boat then may broach to.

(A.G. Earl, *Dinghy Cruising*, 1945)

Stow and Secure

It is perhaps needless to add that a boat in a seaway is very lively. For this reason the gear should be so stowed and secured that it cannot roll about and become damaged or lost. It is better to use too many lanyards than to few; but at the same time all lanyards should be secured in a manner that allows the gear to be brought into use promptly.

Stowage

Contributed by Duncan Wright

(C.W.T. Layton, *Ship's Lifeboats: A Handbook for the Board of Trade Examination for Certificates in Lifeboat Efficiency*, (1936)

Ready to Sail

The finest and most precise ordering of objects that I think I've ever seen, Socrates was when I went on board the great Phoenician ship to inspect it. There I saw a huge number of items all separately packed away in the least possible space. I mean, a ship, as you know, uses a lot of wooden objects and ropes when it docks and sets sail, and a lot of rigging, as it is called, when it is sailing; it carries a lot of devices to defend itself against enemy ships, a lot of weaponry for the crew and all the implements which people use in a house on land for each group of men who mess together. Apart from this, it is filled with all the goods which the ship's owner is transporting for profit.

And all those things I've mentioned are kept not in some over-large space, but in a hold which is comparable in size to a ten couch dining room. I observed that all these objects were stored in such a way that they didn't obstruct one another, didn't need a search party, and weren't either so loosely or so tightly packed as to cause a delay when there was an urgent need for something. I

found out that the helmsman's subordinate, who is called the prow man of the ship, knows everything's location so well that even when he's not in the hold he can say where everything is and how many objects there are, just as someone who's trying to be literate can say how many letters there are in "Socrates" and where in the word each letter comes.

Nevertheless, I saw this same prow man using his spare time to inspect all the ship's necessities. I was surprised that he was making such an inspection, and asked him what he was doing. "Sir," he replied, "I am inspecting the ship's equipment to see if anything is missing or awkwardly stored. I am doing this in case something unforeseen happens. You see, when God whips up a storm at sea, searching for an essential item or handing over something which is lying awkwardly is out of the question. God guarantees retribution for stupidity and punishes it. If God merely refrains from destroying innocent people, they have much to be grateful for; and even if you've done your job excellently, and you are spared, it is the gods who must be profusely thanked."

(Xenophon, *Conversations of Socrates*, 355 BCE)

Notes

Dinghy Cruising: The text is slightly revised. *Ship's Lifeboats*: The text is slightly revised. Layton also cited in J. Stilgoe, *Lifeboat* (2003). *Conversations of Socrates*: "The Estate Manager" 8.4-8.15. Translated by Hugh Trednick and Robin Waterfield.

Ribs, Zanzibar Style


By Peter Jepson

On the beach in Stone Town (the old city of Zanzibar), a boat was undergoing a major rebuild and I was surprised to see the ribs they were putting in, but they seem to do the job. Later in the day progress had been made on the inside of the boat, but it was still far from watertight.

Here are a couple of photos to show what this boat looked like (and the crew working on it) and a photo of another similar boat. These boats are used to give tourists rides, when tourists want rides, and for fishing when they don't.



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Mess About kayak
Fishing version

When I went to the Lake Pepin Messabout in June I had only sailed the *Skat* a couple of times. It worked but I was not happy with the set of the sail. Timmy, a friend of mine made the sail with some of my help. He has a sail loft upstairs in the Shorewood Yacht Club building. We made the sail, I think, according to Jim's plan. But it didn't hang quite right, it drooped too low over the cockpit.

Tim saw the photos that I had and agreed that the sail should be recut. After talking it over we decided to cut a 4" wedge off the luff at the head. We left the tack alone. We cut a strip of the same sailcloth about a foot wide and long enough to cover the luff. We folded it into four folds with no exposed cut edges and sewed it onto the luff and added new grommets to all but the tack.

I went home and hung it back on the spars I was much more pleased with it. I sailed a few more outings looking at the sail and asking what else I could do to make it better. Suddenly it dawned on my thick head that I was attaching the sail to the mast all wrong. On the plan Jim showed yokes on both the boom and the gaff that were shaped like sling shots that had holes drilled so a line could be laced across to hold the spars in place. The spars held the sail in place right. Wrong. That is where much of the trouble was.

Out of the blue it came to me that the sail should be attached to the mast. I re-rigged the sail and, bingo, the problem was solved. Looking at the new rig it also dawned on me that I didn't need the big yokes that I had originally made. I trimmed off a lot of wood and ended up with yokes that only surrounded the after side of the mast. I was somewhat apprehensive that they might jump off and leave the sail flogging but they worked just fine. The smaller yokes also made stowing the sail and spars into the sail bag much easier.

When we cut 4" off the luff the head of the sail got much shorter. I cut 18" off the



By Mississippi Bob Fixing the Little Things



The modified yoke. I use wire ties to fasten the sail to the boom. The white line is a downhaul. Both halyards show inside of the yoke. The sail modification also shows up in this photo.

gaff. It was not needed. I also moved the attachment point down the gaff about a foot

and the top halyard seems to set better. I also rigged the outhaul so it can be adjusted from the cockpit. That may help to get rid of that ugly wrinkle. I haven't tried it yet but I am hoping that adjusting the gaff and the outhaul should rid me of that problem.

When I first added the hardware to the deck I put three cleats side by side on the deck just forward of the coaming. They were oriented fore and aft and too close to each other which made them hard to use. I moved the center one forward halfway to the mast. That is the one that I use for the vang. The other two I use for the halyards. I rotated them about 15°. This should make them easier to use. When I hoist the sail I have been doing it by steps, back and forth between the two halyards so I don't need any complications at this stage.

I am not done yet, I have improvements to make to both the boat and trailer. As I work out the bugs the boat is becoming much easier to rig and more fun to sail.

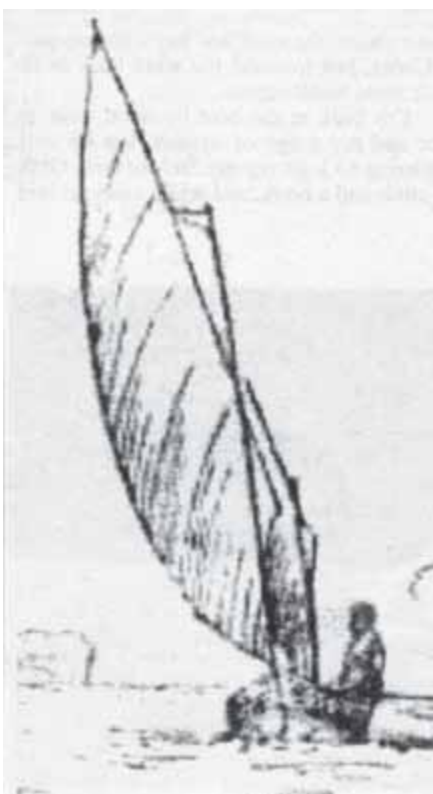
Newly cut sail in light air. The wrinkles seem to go away as the sail fills.



A Strange Bird

By Fay Jordaens

This German built Dornier Do-X flying boat with twelve engines mounted atop its wings, six pulling and six pushing, showed up on Long Island Sound in 1931. My father took his launch out to take this photo accompanied by a flotilla of other City Islanders.



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Bilgewater Clamps

By Harry Schroeter

Not having enough quick-to-set-up, indestructible clamps which can be used on just about any clamping job, I undertook to design my own. Because they're all the same size, installing and removing them is much faster than using a collage of all types. Here's the procedure to do this for yourself:

Get the Materials

Four $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick 24" squares of plywood. Don't use 1" plywood, no "spring" and won't keep same pressure overnight as wood absorbs glue further and is absorbed by the work pieces being clamped together. Use BC pine plywood. Spruce AC plywood doesn't have "springiness."

Nine 36" long zinc plated $\frac{5}{16}$ "-18 threaded rod, at \$2.27 each, McMaster Carr #98841A030.

One pack of ten bimetal hacksaw blades, 24 TPI, McMaster Carr #6927A15 at \$13.59. These last forever. You'll still be using the first blade out of the package a couple of years from now! You'll be amazed at how fast they cut compared to cheap-o blades. You can't really use a flimsy hacksaw frame and expect to get anything done. If you don't have a good hacksaw frame, get the best: Sears (DeWalt 12" high tension hacksaw frame, Sears #809890239000/Model/dw3970 at \$25.99.

Cutting fluid. Don't attempt to use your hacksaw on carbon or stainless steel without cutting fluid. Put a drop on one or both sides of your hacksaw blade and spread it out over the length of the blade with your finger. Notice how the oil burns and smokes as you saw. Enco is the best and it also turns out to be the cheapest: P/N825-8505 at \$4.28/bottle. One bottle will last you for years. It won't rust metal.

A $\frac{3}{8}$ " hss twist drill, McMaster Carr #8947A133 at \$4.09. You can do this job without a drill press, but you can do it a lot faster with a drill press. If you have a countersink, clean up the edges of the holes with a $\frac{1}{16}$ " chamfer. When drilling and counter boring wood, especially plywood, set your drill for maximum rpm.

One package, 100 each, $\frac{5}{2}$ "-18 heavy hex nuts so a standard box wrench will fit them, McMaster Carr #94811A030 at \$3.92/package.

One combination wrench, $\frac{9}{16}$ ", Enco Model #327-4295, about \$6.

Two packages, 100 zinc plated $\frac{5}{16}$ " plain washers, McMaster Carr #90108A415 at \$3.76/package.

Two bottles, Titebond Glue II.

Procedure

Slather the "bad" "C" sides of two of the four 24" square $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick plywood pieces with glue. Wait about three minutes while it is absorbed into the wood. Put them together glue side to glue side and pile concrete blocks or pavers on top of them and let the glue set overnight. Do the same to the other two plywood pieces.

Set up your table saw to slit the 24" square laminated panels into $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide strips, 24" long. The outer laminations should run the long (24") length of the strips. Using your chop saw, cut the strips into 8" long pieces.

Mark the 72 pieces with centerlines on the good "B" sides and then mark and center punch 2" and 4" in from one end of each of the 72 pieces and drill each piece at these marks with a $\frac{3}{8}$ " drill bit.

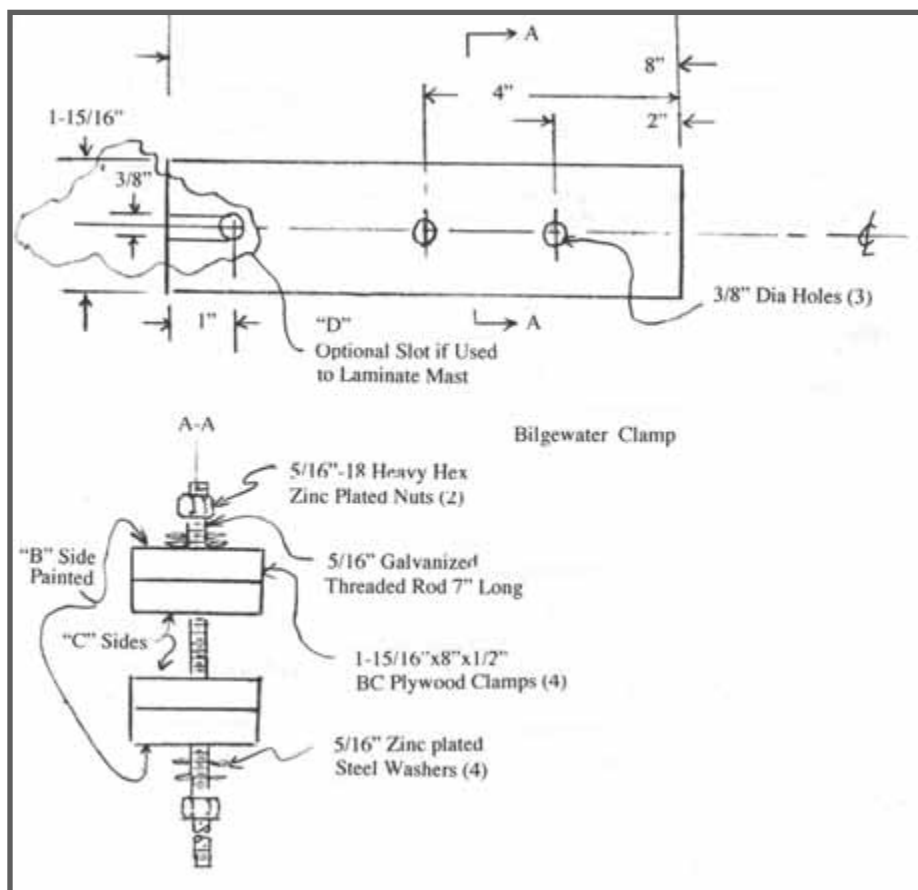
Paint the good "B" sides of each of the 72 pieces with two coats of enamel, then using a fine grade of sandpaper, sand the enamel so a permanent marker can write on them. Write the month and year of manufacture and your initials on the white gloss paint and then put on two coats of clear gloss polyurethane paint. Do NOT paint the other sides or the edges.

Get some approximately $\frac{3}{8}$ "x $1\frac{1}{4}$ " pieces of scrap wood and cut them into $1\frac{1}{8}$ " lengths with your chop saw and keep these spacers in a bucket near the bin where you store your 36 clamps.

Assemble the clamps: Nut, two washers, two plywood pieces, painted sides facing out, two washers, nut, on each of the 36 threaded rods. The reason you want two washers under each nut is that you want the nut, not the stud, to turn when you use the wrench on only one side of the clamp.

Congratulate yourself on having a clamping system that enables you to clamp and glue the gunwales on both sides of a 21' boat with the clamps on 15" spacing.

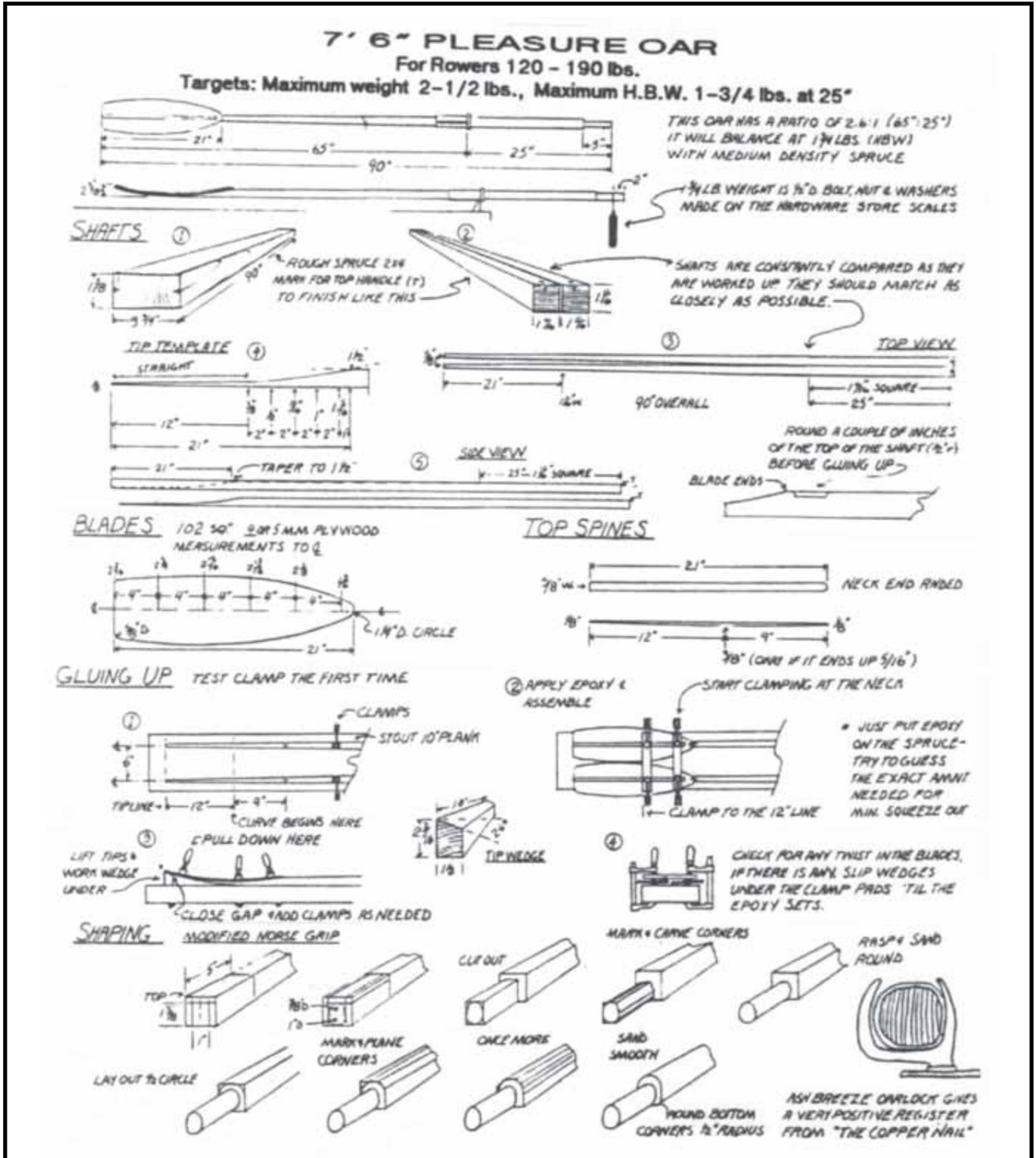
If you're making a wooden mast, cut more $\frac{5}{16}$ " threaded rods and make cuts "D" so you can easily install and remove the studs on the far side of the mast.



John DeLapp's Oar Plans

From Delaware River Chapter TSCA - www.tscanet.org/delriver/index.html

I have been receiving lately requests for copies of John DeLapp's oar plans, attached herewith. John is from Davis California, a charter member of their TSCA Chapter, as is this correspondent, and designer of some fast rowing boats, the one most recognizable, his Natoma Skiff. To introduce that design he put a muscle-bound ringer in the boat and sent him to Seattle where a number of races were won. But this is a discussion of his oar design, first published in our TSCA magazine a number of years ago. The plans are worthy of close study; do not beef up any of the dimensions; they must be as thin as shown to work. If the blades are thicker they will not bend; if the thin strips of wood along the aft end of the blades are thicker they will break. The result is a light and fast oar of any length. We use a set of ten footers on our fat catboat for auxiliary power, its only auxiliary power for a number of years. All our other oars are Shaw & Tenny, but for many years UPS charged a premium for shipping oars over seven and a half feet long, hence the need for some local effort. Ken Clark of Plymouth, New York made our set of ten footers a number of years ago and they are still going strong. I highly recommend them.



Our Sisu 26 is on the market because we simply are not using it that much these days. Of possible interest to you all is an exchange of emails regarding the possible sale of the boat.

Inquiry: Good day, how are you doing? I'm interested in buying your boat. I will like you to send me some pictures to view and also let me know the condition. Also let me know if still available.

Response: Greetings! Attached is some information and pictures in PDF format. I recommend a survey by someone whose work would be accepted by your insurance company. That way, you get a survey and if you purchase the boat, the insurance survey requirement is covered.

The next round of emails left me with a slight suspicion that all was not as it should be.

Inquiry: Thanks for the mail. The price is OK by me. I want you to take the advert off the site because I'm ready to issue the payment. If you have an account with any of the below banks, the payment can be transfer into your account: Bank of America, Wells Fargo Bank, Chase Bank, Sun Trust Bank, Citizen Bank. If not, you need to email me your information today so that I can issue the payment tomorrow morning and mail to you: Your name, address, zip code, phone number.

As soon as I effect the payment, I will make arrangement to schedule myself or my representative to handle the pick up after your bank has confirmed the payment to you. I will be expecting to read back from you.

Response: If you will mail me a down payment of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) payable as a US Post Office Money Order, I will remove the boat from the market while we consider the sale. Make the money order payable to: C. Henry Depew (included mailing address). As the boat is a documented vessel, the US Coast Guard also becomes involved in the transaction.

The e-mail exchange continued for a bit more, but you get the idea. I think my request for a postal money order and the note that the boat was a documented vessel provided a point of hesitation on the inquiry. Granted, postal money orders have a maximum amount of \$1,000, but five of them could be issued if the person was really interested. Or they could have suggested a lesser amount. I learned about the use of postal money orders when getting some parts for a car from a specialty firm. The argument was that it was as good as a certified check, everyone was identified and the Post Office could get interested if fraud was involved.

Putting *Hirado* on *Boat Trader* (on-line) resulted in one person who made the drive (six hours one way) to look at the boat, take

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

it out for a test run and ask a number of questions (for which I did not have answers). A knowledgeable buyer can be a learning experience for the seller. *Hirado* is a documented vessel. The potential buyer asked about getting a title instead. He also wanted more speed than the boat is rigged for at this point as he had to go through inlets on his part of the coast and needed the speed (over 6 knots) to get through against the current.

I know about boat speed versus current speed from my youth when the boat we had simply sat in the channel at full speed forward. The speed of the boat was not sufficient to push it under the bridge opening with a downstream current and an outgoing tide. As a semi-displacement hull, a Sisu 26 can be pushed faster with a proper pitched propeller and trim tabs. I never wanted the speed, the expense of installing trim tabs nor more holes in the hull.

Of interest when I was researching the idea of trim tabs a number of years ago, it was the recommendation to put on fixed tabs rather than adjustable trim tabs. I was not going to get the boat to plane no matter what, so the fixed tabs would give me the maximum speed for the fuel consumption and still be stable at lower speed ranges.

Getting a builder's certificate and abstract of title from the Coast Guard's Documentation Office was not as involved as I expected. I sent an email inquiry, received an answer as to what was involved and the cost and sent the request and a check. I had the paperwork back from them in a few days. Now if the current prospective buyer (or someone else) wants that information, it is in my file.

On a different note, have you ever had the throttle linkage fail when the boat was underway and you could not slow down the engine? It is a strange feeling when pulling back on the throttle and the engine does not slow down. Depending on the situation, you can take some time to look at the problem while someone else steers the boat (not always possible or desirable in some conditions) or you may need to do something quick.

The obvious "quick fix" is to shut off the engine, but many people seem reluctant to take that action. While boats do not have "safety interlocks" that may cause problems

with the control of a vehicle when the motor is turned off, turning off an engine at high rpm can damage some of the internal connections. In many cases, a quick check of the throttle linkage at the engine will show the problem and the engine can be manually slowed down by moving the throttle linkage at the engine to the slow (or idle) position.

What brought the thought of throttle control to mind was a recent experience when the engine on the plane I was flying would not throttle back to idle speed for landing. The routine on a small, single engine plane is to engage the carburetor heat (this is a non-fuel injection engine), reduce throttle to around 1,700rpm and descend through the pattern turns to the runway.

Once I have lined up on the runway, I control the plane's descent with throttle (speed) adjustments. When I am "over the numbers" I reduce the engine speed to idle and land the plane. Normally it is a very straightforward process. However, when I have lined up on the runway and I pull out the throttle to reduce air speed and nothing happens, other options have to be considered.

First, I can simply abort the landing and go around while I try to figure out what is wrong. Second, I can continue the landing with the engine rpm reduced as far as possible and use as much of the runway available as possible to get the lowest landing speed before the tires contact the runway. Third, I can extend the flaps to further slow the plane's forward speed and land. Last option is to set up on the runway and shut off the plane's engine when the plane is "over the numbers" and do what is termed a "dead stick" landing. This last option is really the last option, if none of the other options are possible due to a short runway, high cross winds or other factors that enter the picture when things go wrong.

With a boat, when the engine will not idle and a shutdown is not the best choice, the option is to put the transmission in neutral and get an anchor over to hold the boat while reviewing the problem. Granted, the engine will be at a high rpm for the time it takes to get the anchor over and the rode secured, but then I can get to the engine and see what is the matter.

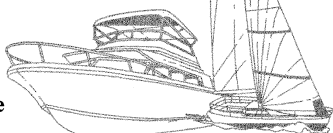
Trying to work on a running engine while the boat is in motion can be a recipe for further problems. Once the boat is anchored, repairs to the linkage can be made and I can proceed carefully back to the slip. I might want to take a look at the throttle linkage before I go out next time both to make sure all is connected and to see just where I can throttle back the engine at the engine.



By-The-Sea

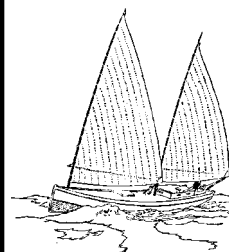
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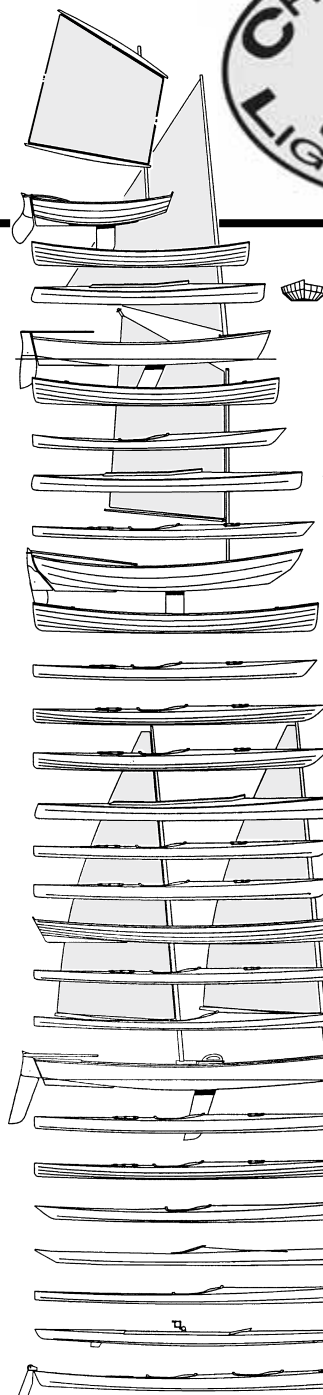
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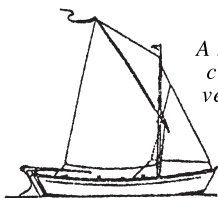
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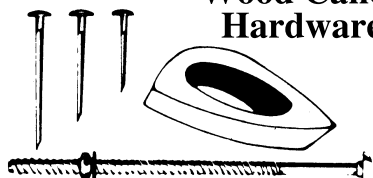
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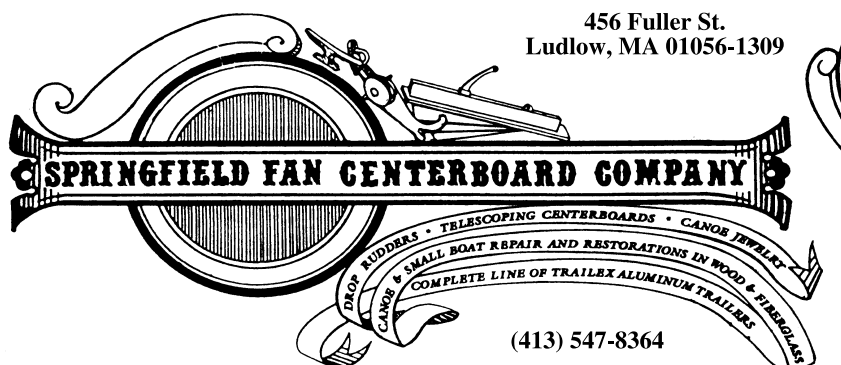
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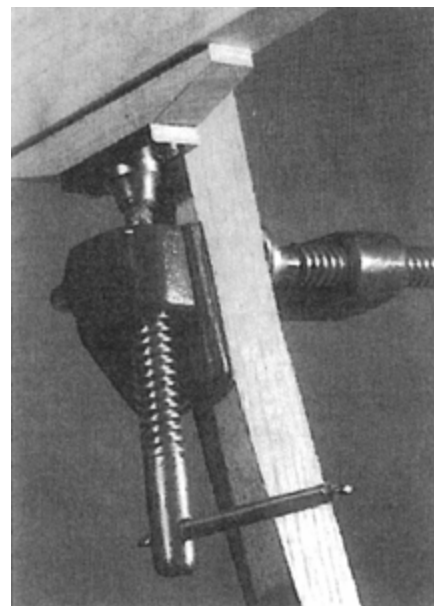


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** Indicates On-Water demos

Steve & Dave- It was great seeing you at WoodenBoat Show at Mystic. It was surprisingly fun to sit and talk boats for three days without the pressure to make my time worthwhile. I don't know if you're aware, but "Jackie" (my guideboat) won first place in the Concourse d'Elegance for owner-built boats. As far as I'm concerned, much of that award goes to you and your company for producing a kit so superior that even a rank amateur can build a show boat. I cannot say enough good things about your guideboat design and kit quality. The entire process of building my guideboat was nothing but pleasant—mostly due to the careful preparation given to the completeness and quality of your kit. Thanks for making me look like a hero, even though the credit goes to you and your company. On Monday, I gave Jackie a good 9-mile shakedown cruise in Long Island Sound. There was a terrible amount of July 4th traffic and the wakes and waves were running anything from dead calm to 2 1/2-foot swells. The guideboat handled it all beautifully. Bow-in waves, quartering waves, following seas, none of these upset the boat. I had my GPS with me and it looks as though I can cruise all day at 5 knots, pull 6 knots for 1-2 miles, and sprint at 7 knots. Can't ask for anything more. Thanks again. Also, please feel free to have others contact me if about your kit from a customer's point of view. David Bridges, Niantic, CT

